WHO WAS "ROBIN ADAIR"?

FRANK T. BULLEN ON WEATHER FORECASTS.

I EISURE HOUR

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The Medical Profession for Women.

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The Medical Profession for Women

BY MARIE A. BELLOC

Of the many professions now open to women, one of the few which cannot be said to be really overstocked is that of medicine. Late in the last century Mary Wollstonecraft wrote the daring sentence: "Why should not women study the art of healing, and be physicians as well as nurses?" But something like sixty years were to pass before an Anglo-American girl,

Elizabeth Blackwell, became the pioneer of medical women. Last vear she celebrated her professional jubilee, for she has borne the right to put the magic letters M.D. after her name since the June of 1849. In a most interesting and unpretentious volume of reminiscences, entitled, "Pioneer Work in opening the Medical Profession to Women." Dr. Blackwell has told something of her early struggles and triumphs. Now-adays, when there are literally hundreds of medical women in the world, it is

strange to think that at the time even her warmest friends failed to realise the importance of Miss Blackwell's achievement, and she herself would have been exceedingly astonished had she been told how soon her example would be followed, not only by women of the English-speaking world, but also, and with marked success, by French and Russian women.

Still, the fact that there are at the present

time only about two hundred medical women practising in the United Kingdom, shows how much scope there is for many more. A considerable percentage of the young women who spend their best years in nursing, might just as well have entered the medical profession. They would then be in the full vigour of work and prosperity at a time when the average nurse has to

be thinking of retiring, unless she holds one of those appointments which are the prizes of the profession, and of which the number is necessarily

limited.

It must be remembered, however, that whereas the nurse, save in exceptional cases, pays nothing for her training, the girl or woman who desires to become a lady doctor must be possessed of a certain small capital, out of which she can pay the necessary fees, and either a home in the town where she is studying, or the means to support herself in modest



DR. GARRETT-ANDERSON

comfort for a period covering five to seven years. Therefore, it must be acknowledged that the training is long, arduous, and expensive.

It is desirable, if not absolutely essential, that a girl who wishes to take up medicine as a profession should have received a good general education. Till lately the type, and an admirable type it is, of woman who took up medicine as a profession, generally began her medical studies after

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THE NURSES' HOME, HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN

she had attained the age of thirty. This of course implied that there had been a great lapse of time since she had left school; and so the work for examinations was more trying than in the case of a younger woman, especially if the student had not matriculated already.

The girl who has had a really good education, and who has matriculated, will naturally find her path a very much easier one to tread. It has been said that the most suitable age for a woman to begin her medical studies is between twenty and twenty-three; this means that she will probably be in practice as a qualified lady doctor by the time she is thirty. A girl who has had a good general education and has matriculated, has of course a great advantage over her less competent sister, for the would-be lady doctor must qualify for registration by passing the preliminary examination in Arts, unless she has matriculated at the University of London or the Royal University of Ireland. A year has then to be spent in preliminary scientific work, the fees for this first year being between thirty and forty pounds. In this connection it must be added that the cost of examination varies according to the requirements of the examining boards; the General Medical Council requires a five years' course. The woman student must walk the appointed hospitals for seven years before the London University will grant her a degree; in Edinburgh and in Dublin the period is five

years, and in both cases the fees are lower than those of London. working year consists of thirty-eight weeks of study. Of course scholarships very much reduce the expenses, and there are, fortunately for women medical students, a great many scholarships to be obtained. A cheap degree is that of the Apothecaries' Hall, which has the further advantage of not demanding the same preliminary education. Still, a medical student must be prepared to spend five years in hard study; further, she must have something more than the short-lived enthusiasm

which leads so many people to take up a new way of life, or to enter a profession, for even if she be exceptionally clever, she can hardly hope to go through the whole course without failing in some examination, which may throw her back three months, six months, or a year as the case may be.

There is, now-a-days, a tendency for girls to drift to London, when anxious to take up any special branch of work or a profession. This is very much to be deprecated, unless the would-be student is possessed of ample means. There is no profession open to women in which health plays a greater part, and it is a terrible mistake for the medical student to try and stint herself in comfortable lodging or food. The studies are severe and prolonged, and, unlike those connected with most professions, increase in difficulty until the final goal is reached. It is obvious that a young woman lacking in general intelligence will never pass her examinations, so that the question whether she is to become a doctor will be solved for her. It is most important that the health of the student should be good, and her nerves sound, so that she may not become ill and broken down just at the time when she requires all her energies in order to take up the practical side of her work. As an actual fact, the Royal University of Ireland, the Scotch Universities, and the University of Durham all admit women to their examinations. Accordingly there is very little excuse for an Irish or Scotch girl to make a determined effort to reach

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London, unless indeed she is, as I have already pointed out, fortunate enough to possess an income of her own, or relations and friends with whom she can find a comfortable home.

At the London School of Medicine for Women, which is in connection with the Royal Free Hospital, the fees, if paid in one sum, amount to £125, ten pounds more being demanded if the sum is paid by instalments extending over four years. The training is exceedingly thorough, for, in addition to the ordinary course, each student is obliged to take instruction in certain special subjects, for which a separate payment has to be made, either to the Institution or to the teachers selected. It has been estimated that the London M.D. degree costs, roughly speaking, close on £400, and the other degrees something like £100 less. It is an interesting fact that,

although the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons still withhold their Diplomas from women, this has not really interfered with the progress made by medical women during the last fifty years.

The London School of Medicine for Women is admittedly one of the best Schools of Medicine in the world; but

some people who are interested in the matter consider it a drawback for the lady medical student to have only fellowstudents of her own sex; it should, however, be remembered that this disability is one under which the medical man student has suffered since the world began. The Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road, which may be said to be the training ground of the students of the L.S.M.W., is one of the most successful and best managed hospitals in the world. fees are £115, or one hundred guineas if paid in advance, the examination fees being thirty guineas; thus a hundred and thirty guineas is all that need be paid by a London girl living at home. Should the student, however, live in lodgings for the thirty-eight weeks of each working year, the cost is of course more than doubled. Thirty-four years ago, that is, in 1866, a



Photo by C. Goldsmith

A GROUP OF NURSES, HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN

The Medical Profession for Women



Photo by W. T. P. Cunningham THE DISPENSARY, HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN

Dispensary for women and children was opened in Seymour Place, Bryanston Square, by a number of wealthy friends of the woman's cause, and placed under the medical charge of Miss Garrett, M.D. All those interested in the subject of medical women are familiar with the very interesting and instructive career of Dr. Garrett-Anderson, who, beginning as a student in 1860 at the Middlesex Hospital, became in 1866 the first qualified medical woman in the British Empire. Although fortunate in obtaining the greatest assistance and encouragement from her father, five years went by before she was enabled to take her degree of L.S.A. at Apothecaries' Hall, nineteen colleges and halls in the United Kingdom having refused to accept her as a medical student. In 1866 she obtained her M.D. degree in Paris, shortly before taking charge of the Dispensary which was the modest beginning of the New Hospital for Women. The foundation stone of the present handsome building in the Euston Road was laid by the Princess of Wales in the May of 1889. Patients are received from all parts of the kingdom, many coming from the country for operations, and although each in-patient is expected to contribute at least two shillings and sixpence a week towards her maintenance, no suitable case is rejected on account of poverty. All the medical officers are women. Those who feel prejudiced against women doctors should take an

early opportunity of visiting this admirable hospital, where it is easy to see that everything been done to make every detail as beautiful and as pleasing as space and situation will allow. The interior decorations were arranged and carried out by Miss Agnes Garrett, the sister of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, and Mrs. Fawcett, and even the Dispensary, where over thirty thou-

sand patients have been dealt with in one year, is a very pleasant room. Of course, the Hospital for Women has wider aims than those of the mere treatment of patients; it exists also for the purpose of giving women medical students an opportunity of gaining experience and self-reliance. In order to meet the needs of those employed during the ordinary working day, consulting-rooms have been opened on Saturday afternoon, and have met a very real want. It is significant that though there are in London any number of general hospitals where patients can be received quite free of charge, women even from the poorer districts flock to this hospital. Exceedingly successful has been the Maternity Department, opened for poor women to be treated in their own homes, one fully qualified woman doctor being occupied entirely in this special work.

To the girls and women who are thinking of entering the medical profession, the most important problem, as a rule, is that of the future. It is here that the woman doctor has, at any rate for the present, a very distinct advantage over the man doctor, for whereas it is generally admitted that there are few more difficult enterprises than for a young, unknown M.D. to start a new practice in a new place, or, indeed, even in one where he is already known, a thoroughly capable woman doctor has every chance of becoming

successful, notably in any large provincial town, if she can afford to keep herself for a reasonable length of time. There is an increasing field for women doctors, especially among babies and children. Many women doctors just after taking their degree accept an appointment at a definite salary in some hospital or school, but, undoubtedly, apart from the chances and prizes of private practice, the greatest opening for the woman doctor is in India, and probably Africa will

soon offer quite as wide a field.

The reasons for this are obvious to any one familiar with Indian life, for no native women, be their caste high or low, will consult a man doctor. Accordingly, until women began to the qualify, women of India were practically doctorless, and till lately many terrible tragedies and incalculable suffering took place in consequence, for in every Zenana the wise woman, with her witchcraft, her overwhelming ignorance, and her often horrible practices, reigned supreme.

Now, greatly owing to the unassuming efforts and energy of Lady Dufferin, the woman of India may be as well cared for from a medical point of view as is any ordinary English lady. In 1896 nearly a million and a half of native women had obtained medical aid from the Dufferin Fund, either in the various hospitals now established all over India or in their own houses. The Lady Dufferin Association, which has owed not a little of its success to the great and sustained interest taken by the Queen in its aims and objects, offers a large number of scholarships to those

women students who wish to go in for Indian work. Then again the Indian Government, Indian Municipalities and District Boards, and even wealthy natives, do all they can to encourage the work. It is not necessary to obtain an English medical degree before working under the Association; indeed many women students are now qualifying in the Indian medical colleges; but still a woman doctor who can point to her name on the English medical

register obtains a better appointment and is placed in the "first grade."

The girl who feels that she can conscientiously loosen her ties with home, and who is in the enjoyment of exceptionally good health, cannot do better than look to India for a career. It will of course imply rather more work, for the woman student wishing to take up an Indian appointment should learn Hindustani. But as there are so many languages spoken in India, it is advisable that before mastering any special dialect



DR. SCHARLIEB

she should ascertain in what part of the country she is likely to live.

India owes much to Mrs. Scharlieb, who, while living in Madras in the seventies, was very much struck by the great need for medical women. She began private study, taking more especially midwifery, for it is in this branch of medicine that work in India is most urgently required, and as a direct result of her efforts the Indian Government resolved in 1875 to open the Medical College to women. Not content with the Madras licentiate, Mrs. Scharlieb came to London and passed the M.B. and

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B.S. examinations, after which she returned to devote her experience and knowledge to the women of India. Her success was rapid and great, but at the end of the third year her health broke down. She returned to England in 1887, and has since become closely connected with the London School of Medicine for Women. In December 1888 she took the London M.D. degree, being

the first woman to do so.

Although it must be admitted that in Great Britain there is still a good deal of prejudice existing against women doctors, in this matter India is far ahead of the mother-country. All over the great Indian Empire women doctors are treated with the most distinguished courtesy and consideration, the most responsible posts being given to them. To take but one example; during the late outbreak of the plague, the women's wards of the plague hospital at Poona were entirely placed under the charge of a lady doctor; Miss Marion Hunter was also chosen by the Indian Office to go to Bombay in order to deal with the plague outbreak, and this after she had only just taken her degree. Another fact which undoubtedly makes India a desirable goal for many women medical students, is that there the woman doctor's career is certainly more interesting and less monotonous than in England. To take but one example; it would be difficult to find a more exciting and interesting life than that of Miss Lillias Hamilton, M.D., during her stay in Afghanistan. Before

becoming an M.D. Miss Hamilton was a nurse in the Workhouse Infirmary of Brownlow Hill, Liverpool; she was trained at the London School of Medicine for Women, and finally went out to Calcutta, where she built up a considerable private practice. She went to Cabul in search of rest and change, and while there cured one of the wives of the Ameer, thus securing his confidence and respect. In deference to his urgent entreaties she consented to stay, and she was fortunate in having the assistance of a very good nurse. At one time an English tailor, Miss Hamilton, her nurse, and the director of a gun factory were the only English subjects in Cabul. While there the lady doctor was treated with the greatest respect and honour, and she was even allowed to fit up her private house as a hospital, the Ameer supplying the drugs. There was, however, a reverse side to the medal: the Ameer was afraid she might become too wise, and so would not allow her to have any English books or newspapers.

Those medical women who feel a call to missionary work will find a field for their labours in India as well as in China, where several medical women are working in connection with the great missionary

societies.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that there are not many important and lucrative posts open to women in the United Kingdom. An increasing number of hospitals are entirely officered by women;

and there are certain Government appointments in connection with the post-office, the workhouse system, and the public asylums. The very large incomes made by American lady doctors have not as yet been equalled by British medical women; but, as I have already stated, there is no doubt that a woman finds it far easier to build up a private practice than does her less fortunate male comrade, for whereas there are at the present moment comparatively few women whose names are to be found on the medical register, there are many



Photo by W. T. P. Cunningham

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thousands of men doctors in the British

Empire.

In conclusion, it may be added that there is undoubtedly a certain opening for British medical women abroad. An English ladydoctor who is either half French or half German by nationality, or who is familiar either with France or Germany, could certainly build up a large practice on the Continent, especially in Paris, for France has always been peculiarly generous to the woman doctor. And since the accession of the present Emperor of Russia, a law has been passed, sanctioned by him, establishing a medical faculty in the Russian Empire enabling women to obtain complete medical instruction, and

the right to practise their profession throughout the vast Russian territories under the same conditions as do men doctors. It is rather curious that Russia should have produced so many distinguished medical women; during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–78, many of these ladies were of immense service, and were publicly complimented by their Government.

Queen Margherita of Italy, who is a very enlightened woman, has as honorary physician Signora Farini, the first Italian woman who had the courage and enterprise to become a woman doctor, and who is now attached to the staff of the Clinica Medica in Rome, where she attends exclusively to the women's wards.

The Village Oak

I

HERE was a time when men the mystic rite
Performed beneath such branches as are
thine,

And held the oak was Thor's most hallowed shrine:

I hold thee sacred in another light.

Dear is thy shade to me, monarch of might!

Here standing, call I back those days divine
Of long ago,—that happy youth of mine;

And the soft tear-drops, rising, dim my sight.

Such precious memories fill the pensive mind,
Of sunny hours when I was wont to play

Round thy fantastic roots; and thro' my tears

I see dear faces gone with vanished years.

My tenderest thoughts about thy boughs are
twined:

My heart turns back to thee when far away.

п

I see them now, five merry boys in all,
Let loose from school, and shouting lustily:
A hurried meal, and then, beneath the tree
They romp, and climb with not a fear to fall.
Still on the bark, the carved initial
Of each I find, though faded much. Ah me!
How little then we knew the days to be,

The devious ways where Duty stern would call Our eager feet. What changes all have seen! One early left us, and we gave him rest In yonder churchyard, 'neath the sombre yew; And three are scattered wide life's work to do. To live and labour near the cherished scene To-day, but one of all the five is blest.

ш

That morn we parted on the village green,
We little thought that all no more would meet
To hail each other in the cool retreat
Of the old village oak. The years between
That summer dawn and now have changeful
been;

And as I walk to-day the quiet street,

The old friends are no longer there to greet

The wanderer's return. Sad news I glean

From those who know me not, of those I

knew.

In yonder graveyard many a mound I see,
Beyond the number of my childhood days;
And many a little stranger comes and plays,
This peaceful eve, as we were wont to do,
Beneath the dear old oak. Long live the
tree!

LEWIS H. COURT.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

AUTHOR OF "ONE IN CHARITY," "THE HEART OF MAN," "IN SPITE OF FATE," ETC.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SHORTLY before leaving Sanlogan, his native place, to enter on the pastorate of a city church, Anthony Weir has a walk with Phillis Day, the daughter of Captain Day. He has known her since she was ten, and they have grown very fond of each other. His heart prompts him to tell her of his love, but he begins to question whether an engagement with her might not stand in the way of his advancement.

Anthony, who is twenty-five years old, had already received a "call" from the little country church

Anthony, who is twenty-nee years old, had already received a "call" from the little country church of Humbleton. He had written accepting it, but before the letter was posted there came a call from the church at Martyr Gate, Workingham. This letter changed everything. It was a call to a larger salary (£500 a year) and a higher plane of social life. Anthony decided in favour of the latter.

It was at this stage in his experience that he had his walk with Phillis Day. The contest in his mind was between love and expediency. When they parted next day expediency had conquered, and he spoke no word of love. Next morning he left for Workingham.

Anthony is much struck with a wonderful contralto voice which charmed the congregation during the services of his first Sunday. The singer was Miss Adela Butler, niece of Alderman Butler, the senior deacon, and was said to be an heiress in her own right. Mr. Wembly, a distiller, had already been attracted by her, and on her account had presented a fine organ to the church.

Anthony now gets rooms of his own. His landlady is a Roman Catholic, and the only other lodger is

a curate, Mr. Colvin, who, with a stipend of £100 a year, lives on a pound a week and gives away

Anthony's success soon brings its dangers. He becomes less particular about his preaching in the holiday season—a fact which is painfully brought home to him by the outspoken words of Tim the shoemaker. But his resentment towards the cobbler is softened by a visit to the house of Mr. Luke, one of his deacons. Mr. Luke and his family are out, but his niece Rachel, who is treated as a dependant, shows Anthony an example of patience and faithfulness.

CHAPTER IX .- ON BUSINESS LINES

"There is no gain except by loss, There is no life except by death."

Y Christmas the machinery of Martyr Gate Church was in complete working order. Anthony had profited by his conversation with Timothy Jonas, and was careful not to enter his pulpit again unprepared. Not only so, he discovered that preparation became easier as time passed on. He gained confidence also in himself, which gave a certain apparent freshness and spontaneity to his utterances which were lacking in his earlier ministrations. In sermon making, as in most other things, "practice makes perfect." theme was ever the same, and yet there was nothing in human life that it did not touch, nor was there anything in human history or experience that might not be employed to enforce the Divine message. Also he discovered that the best illustrations were those borrowed from passing events. He had on his shelves huge volumes of "Illustrations"—book after book filled with "Anecdotes," all arranged under appropriate headings, and duly spiced or toned down to

meet the preacher's requirements. There were anecdotes gay, and anecdotes grave, anecdotes duly authenticated, and anecdotes that had too evidently grown out of the fertile brain of some imaginative author.

At the beginning of his ministry Anthony had drawn largely from these volumes. But he soon discovered that these neatlyphrased examples of religious fact and fiction did not produce the effect that he had anticipated. Even the young people did not listen open-mouthed, and with wide and wondering eyes. As a matter of fact, the best of these "pulpit illustrations" had been used so often by various supplies, and even by the late Dr. Pate himself, that they had become as juiceless as a cork, and as hackneyed as the fable of the Three Bears.

As Anthony found himself more and more master of himself and of the situation, he discovered that no time is so interesting to the average individual as the present, and no ancient story is half so forceful as an apt illustration drawn from the events of the hour. So he read his morning paper with great diligence, and made himself familiar with what was transpiring in all

parts of the world.

With rare diplomatic skill he avoided committing himself on any controversial question, and escaped all unfriendly criticism by appearing to agree with all parties. Yet he touched lightly and gracefully on all the questions of the hour, and won general approval by the up-to-dateness of his discourses.

People began to say that there was nothing of the dry-as-dust fossil about the new minister of Martyr Gate. He was abreast of the times, and in touch with all the questions of the moment. Nothing appeared to escape him, and the brief allusions to passing events which appeared in all his sermons were immensely appreciated. There might not be much of what some of the older people called "unction" in his sermons, while the familiar dogmas of the church were stated in such a way as to be scarcely recognisable. Nevertheless his utterances were fresh and modern, and that appeared to be about all the younger generation desired.

The young people from all parts of the city flocked to the services. By Christmas all the seats were taken, and a crowd of late applicants were waiting their turn. That the church was prospering there could be no doubt. The income of the church had doubled in six months. What greater proof of prosperity could be asked for or

given?

That other places should suffer loss was perhaps inevitable. The number of people who go to church or chapel is not strikingly elastic, and if that number increases in one direction it diminishes in another. Wesley Chapel felt the advent of Anthony Weir very considerably. Nearly all the Martyr Gateites who had migrated returned to their first love, and it must be said also that some young people who had been cradled at Wesley were now being nursed at Marytr Gate.

This, to the new superintendent, was a great trial. He was equal to his predecessor in nearly all respects. Indeed connexionally he stood several degrees higher; yet under his predecessor "Wesley" flourished. Now it was steadily decaying, and he saw clearly enough that at the forthcoming March "Quarterly Meeting" he would be placed in the humiliating position of having to report a decrease in the number of mem-

That at informal ministerial gatherings in the city the question should sometimes

be asked, "What is the secret of Mr. Weir's popularity and success?" was perhaps only natural. Such questions are always asked when men attain to distinction in the ministerial ranks. Also people keep on asking, for to give an inclusive and conclusive answer is generally an im-

possibility.

Nobody answered the question satisfactorily as far as Anthony Weir was con-That he was popular there was no denying. It was true also that Martyr Gate became once more the popular church. That it was partly due to the minister there could be no doubt; but to how many other things it was also due it was impossible to When the tide once began to turn in the direction of Martyr Gate, it flowed in with a rush. The crowd always follows the crowd. There is nothing that succeeds like success. Reporters came and wrote glowing descriptions of the services. The organ was discovered to be the best in the city. The singing of Miss Adela Butler was a wonder and a revelation rolled into one. Mr. Dick Wembly's playing was on a par with his philanthropy, and the latter was made to appear very considerable. The preacher was eloquent, scholarly, and refined; even the congregation discovered that it was most devout.

During the four months that preceded Christmas not even little Tim could say that Anthony took any holiday. amount of pastoral work he did was comparatively small, and the deacons were considering the advisability of engaging a young minister as an assistant to Anthony, and also to take charge of a mission-room in a poor part of the city which had hitherto

been worked by lay agency. Anthony had little liking for visitation, especially among the poor; it took him away from his books, and disturbed the harmony of his life. There were people, of course, he liked to visit very much. Some of these gave little dinners, at which he was always a welcome guest: but it was not as a minister he went, but as a friend. Church affairs were not discussed, nor was the conversation particularly religious. the wines were excellent, and the cigars of the very best.

Nevertheless there were always sick and sorrowing folk in a large congregation who required pastoral attention, and though he always felt that he was at his worst when trying to give ghostly counsel to individual

souls, yet he did his best when every way

of escape was blocked.

He often wondered at the patient devotion of the curate who occupied the little back parlour. He appeared to be at everybody's beck and call; and no trouble seemed too great if by taking it he could bring a ray of comfort into some sorrowing heart.

After living five months in the same house with Hugh Colvin, Anthony had considerably modified his first opinion of him. What Hugh's opinion was of Anthony he kept to himself. Nevertheless they had certain points of affinity, and occasionally

spent an evening together.

Hugh took the initiative in this, and invited Anthony to come and have a chat with him in his little room. Anthony accepted the invitation, and, the ice being broken, their meetings became more and more frequent.

One evening Hugh stretched himself on the sofa in Anthony's room, declaring he

was dead tired.

"And you look it," Anthony said sympathetically, and he went to a cupboard and fetched out a decanter of wine, and poured out a glass for his visitor.

Hugh sat up in a moment. "No, thank you," he said; "I don't drink wine."

"But you surely are not a teetotaler?"

Anthony questioned.

"Well, really, I hardly know if I am or not," Hugh said, with a smile. "I was brought up to take it, of course. But I promised a fellow three years ago now, who was taking too much, that I would give it up if he would. And neither of us has taken any since."

"Do you think such promises are wise?"

Anthony questioned after a pause.

"Why not? I believe it was the salvation of my friend; and I certainly have been

none the worse in consequence."

"But don't you think teetotalism is a sign of weakness? It seems to me the temperate man is much more to be commended. 'Moderation in all things' is my motto."

"I suppose it is largely a question of temperament," Hugh answered wearily, lying back on the sofa again, "and temperament is not a matter that we should be

praised for or blamed for."

"Oh, well," Anthony said, raising the glass to his lips, "if you won't have the wine I'll drink it myself; but I can't help thinking you are foolish, all the same; you

need a little stimulant now and then."

And he drank off the wine almost at a gulp.

"What I most need is not stimulant, but rest," was the reply. "I've been on the trot since early this morning."

"I'm surprised that you do it," was the

quick rejoinder.

"Do what?"

"Why, make a slave of yourself for people who have absolutely no claim upon

"But everybody has a claim upon me. As the minister of Christ, I am the servant

of all."

"I don't see it. If you were paid a thousand a year you could not do more than you do."

"But what has the salary to do with it?"
Hugh questioned in a tone of surprise.

"Well, I should say a good deal to do with it. I take it that the labourer is worthy of his hire. You are paid at the rate, I am told, of a hundred a year, and yet you are putting in work enough for two. I wouldn't do it to please anybody."

"I don't do it to please anybody," Hugh answered, with a smile. "We are evidently looking at the question from different standpoints. We will not talk about the Church, for on that point we should not agree. But as the servant of God, to put it broadly, I

am bound to do all I can.'

"Oh, of course, in that sense everybody should do his best; but I don't see that we are called upon to make martyrs of ourselves, and since we are employed by the Church to do the Church's work, there should be some kind of relation between the

work and the wages.'

"But we surely do not work for wages in that sense?" Hugh questioned, with wide-open eyes. "A man would not enter the ministry merely because there was a salary attached. The Church provides for his temporal wants simply because he gives up all his time, but salary is not surely merely for service, as a merchant would pay his clerk?"

"I should say most certainly it is," Anthony answered stoutly. "The Church to-day is run on business lines. It doesn't sound well, I admit, to put it in that blunt way, but we have to face the facts. Were the Church run on any other lines it would

collapse."

"Do you really believe that?" Hugh questioned, turning over on his elbow and staring hard at Anthony.

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"Of course believe it, or I shouldn't say it. I admit where there are endowments the machinery will always keep running — but I am thinking of the Church as I see it and know it. Take Martyr Gate, for instance. We have a lot of shrewd business men at the head of affairs, and they run the thing on strictly business lines."

"What do you mean by business lines?"

"That is not easy to explain without appearing egotistical," Anthony answered a little uneasily.

"But I shall not misunderstand you,I think," Hugh said quietly.

"Well, it is this way. To make a church a success there must be a minister who can draw. Given that the income will increase, the pews will be full instead of empty. There will be cheerfulness and courage instead of grumb-

ling and despondency. In fact, all the difference between success and failure."

"And where does Christ come into the business scheme?" Hugh questioned.

Anthony started, and for a moment he did not answer. Then he said slowly—

"If I understand anything about the matter, we are to use our common-sense in everything—in sacred things as in secular. God does not work miracles in these days."

"And why not?"
Anthony burst into a laugh.

"Oh, well," he answered, "I do not pre-



"BUT WHAT HAS THE SALARY TO DO WITH IT?" HUGH QUESTIONED IN A TONE OF SURPRISE

tend to be privy to the counsels of the Most High. But I should presume there is no necessity for them."

"And all that we have to depend upon is our business tact and ability?"

"I did not say that!"

"But providing the Church is run as you say, on sound commercial principles, success is assured?"

"Practically so, I should say. There are some churches that never prosper, for the simple reason that everything is muddled."

"And if things were not muddled they would prosper?"

" Most decidedly."

Hugh turned away his head, and did not speak again for some time. When he did speak it was on an entirely different subject.

"I suppose you know that the fever is spreading very rapidly in the Fishpool district," he said, looking toward Anthony

again

"No, I did not know," Anthony said in a tone of alarm, letting the match burn out with which he was about to light a cigar. "Fortunately it is a district I have not to go into very much."

"My parish covers most of the infected area," Hugh said quietly. "It is climbing so many stairs, I think, that has made me

so tired."

"But do you mean to say you have been visiting fever cases?" Anthony said with a gasp.

"As it happens, they form the bulk of the sick at present," was the reply.

Anthony drew several steps away from his visitor.

"But-but-are you not afraid?" he

said hurriedly.

"No, I don't think so," was the reply.
"But really I have not considered the
matter. You see, they must be visited."

"Yes, of course. I mean are you not

afraid of carrying infection?"

"Oh no, I take every precaution. Besides, I don't think it is an infectious disease. I believe it is more or less contagious, but that is quite different."

"Yes, I suppose so. But, between ourselves, I do not think we ought to run any

risks on sentimental grounds."

"We can only do our duty, and leave

the issue with a higher power."

"Yes, but what is our duty? If I am ministering to a thousand people, am I to run the risk of missing that great opportunity for the sake of visiting some obscure individual who perhaps in the end is none the better for my visit?"

"If one of your flock is ill, perhaps dying, and earnestly desires to see you, are you not to put everything aside to go to

him?"

"Not necessarily. The petulant desires of a sick man are not to be allowed to override every consideration. There are many things to be taken into account, and he who looks at life sanely will consider the greatest good of the greatest number." "Ah, my friend," said the curate with a smile, "we can hardly be judges of these things. To me the present duty is everything. I leave the consequences with God."

Later in the evening, when Anthony made his way to the house of Alderman Butler, he found the words of the curate

still ringing in his ears.

"I wish Colvin would not be so terribly in earnest," he muttered to himself, "he positively makes me feel uncomfortable. These men with convictions—though one cannot help admiring them in some senses—are really, after all, very irritating. Colvin at heart is really a capital fellow, but he takes his work altogether too seriously. He would make a martyr of himself any day, and rejoice in it. Well, I'm thankful I'm not built that way. Make the best of both worlds, I say. In any case make the best of this, for it's the one world we are certain of."

Anthony soon forgot Hugh Colvin when he got into the presence of Adela Butler. Indeed, he forgot most things but the fact that Adela was an exceedingly handsome woman, and that she was also very wealthy.

This last consideration threw a halo round all her charms. Adela Butler poor would have been a very attractive woman, but Adela Butler rich was irresistible.

He had satisfied himself, from very diligent and carefully-conducted inquiries, that Miss Butler was the most eligible young lady that was ever likely to come within his circle of acquaintances. Marriageable spinsters with fortunes in their own rights were exceedingly few and far between. Moreover, Adela appeared devoted to the chapel. She would be in perfect sympathy with him in his work; and her fortune added to his income would enable them to keep up an establishment such as his heart desired.

It is true she was not sweet and winsome, like Phillis Day. There was a certain dignity and coldness about her that sometimes almost overawed him. Moreover, in his better moments his heart yearned for Phillis with a strange and deepening hunger. But Phillis was poor—his father had told him that—and to deliberately choose poverty when wealth was within his reach was surely not the act of a sane and prudent man. And Anthony still prided himself on his prudence.

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CHAPTER X .- LOVER AND FRIEND

"Love is life's wealth, Ne'er spent, but ever spending."

DICK WEMBLY watched the growing intimacy between Anthony Weir and Adela Butler with much inward chagrin. Outwardly he manifested no sign of displeasure. Whatever might be his weaknesses he had considerable strength of will. He could feel angry and look pleasant, plot mischief and profess the most absolute friendship, suffer unutterable torments and smile on the tormentor.

Dick had made up his mind years before that he would win Adela Butler. She was the finest girl he knew, the handsomest, the cleverest, and more than all, she had a voice like a nightingale. The first time he heard it, it carried his heart by storm. If she had had no other attraction it would have been enough for him. A man who couldn't love a woman with a voice like that had no soul of music in him.

Dick had only one objection to her. She was religious and a Dissenter. Still, that was only a fly in the amber. No man could get everything he wanted, and no woman was absolutely perfect. Nevertheless, from his point of view Adela Butter came nearer perfection than any other woman he had ever seen, and even if she had been fifty per cent. less perfect her voice would atone for everything.

He never thought of her money, he had plenty of his own. Whisky was booming all over the country, and the shekels were rolling in upon him much faster than he could use them. It was her voice that haunted him, that fired his imagination, that dominated his heart. But to win her! That was the difficulty. The one point of affinity, as far as she was concerned, was music. Dick cogitated for some little time, and then made up his mind.

"I must cultivate religion a bit," he said to himself; "that oughtn't to be difficult. There are few things a fellow can't drop into if he keeps his wits about him."

So Dick took a pew at Martyr Gate, and became, outwardly, a most devout worshipper. He contributed also to the various funds, and was hailed by all the office-bearers as quite an acquisition.

About this time a scheme had been passed for decorating the chapel and enlarging the organ. This was Dick's opportunity. Would the officials allow the organ

improvement to be his contribution? He had received so much good while worshipping at Martyr Gate, that he would like to show his gratitude in some substantial way. The officials were delighted, so was Dick. He would be brought now into constant contact with Adela Butler. It was discovered that the old organ was not worth enlarging, so in time a brand-new instrument took its place, the best, it was said, in Workingham. What it cost no one knew; almost fabulous sums were mentioned, and Dick discovered himself in the new light of a philanthropist.

The organist was getting old. So, instead of being superannuated, he was appointed deputy with an increased salary. Dick found himself elected as honorary organist and choir-master, and was made the recipient of an illuminated address at the same time. He hardly recognised himself in his new characters, but he played his parts with considerable skill.

It was a great bore to listen to so many prayers and sermons. But the organ, which he loved most passionately, and Adela, whom he loved almost as much, were an abundant compensation. To be near both, Sunday by Sunday, kept him out of many an evil into which he would otherwise have fallen.

He set about winning Adela with great skill and tact. He knew that the one and only thing they had in common was their passionate love of music; and Dick made the most of the uniting link. He encouraged her to take lessons on the organ, and was always at hand to play her accompaniments for her. Adela had no thought of love, and Dick carefully kept his sentiments in the background. He was attentive, but never obtrusive, he was quick to see when his company was agreeable, and when he was not wanted he heroically kept himself out of the way.

This line of conduct began to tell in the long run. It threw Adela off her guard. He appeared to be so thoroughly frank and transparent, that she was led on to confide in him more and more. At first she was a little prejudiced against him, but it was gradually broken down. He was goodlooking, bluff, hearty, and generous. He did not appear to have any vices to speak of, and though he was not religious nor particularly intellectual, he had average common-sense and a saving grace of humour.

By the time Anthony Weir appeared upon the scene Dick felt that the game was entirely in his own hands, for though he had never spoken a word of love to Adela, he knew that common gossip had coupled his name with hers, and he knew also that this had come to her ears. Yet she had not fought shy of him in consequence, in fact he felt that she had been more friendly with him than before.

The inference, therefore, was inevitable. The idea was not repugnant to her. If she had resented the gossip she would have done her best to put an end to it at once.

Dick began to be a little more marked in his attentions. His compliments on her singing took a more definite form. He insisted on several occasions on seeing her home, and at the door she thanked him very prettily for his kindness. All this proved as fuel to the flame of Dick's love. To win Adela became his supreme ambition.

Adela saw also plainly enough to what all this was tending. She was now threeand-twenty, and her most intimate friends did not hesitate to tell her that if she was not careful she would find herself on the shelf. This contingency, however, gave her no serious anxiety. She had an ample fortune in her own right, and was therefore

absolutely independent.

Nevertheless she was not averse to matrimony-only crooked and perverse natures are. But she was not of those who would be married merely for the sake of being married. What in her heart she desired was a man she could look up to. Mr. Bilstone had in his blunt way described the situation with considerable accuracy. It was not social position she cared forthe position that money could buy. She was ambitious for something different. There were thousands of rich nobodies in the world-men who had not earned distinction enough to be abused, men who, in spite of their wealth, were never heard of outside the little circles in which they lived and moved, and whose names, if placarded on the walls or printed in the newspapers, would awaken no interest and excite no comment.

She knew, of course, that that was the necessary fate of ninety-nine out of every hundred men. They lived and died unrecognised by the great world, and unknown. It was only a man here and there who came to the front. Still, there were a few

whose names were "familiar as household words"; men who had done something by which their names were distinguished from the common horde. In science, in art, in law, in literature, in religion, in politics, and even in commerce, there were always a few in every generation who stood out distinct from the rest. Perhaps it would be her lot to marry one of these. So had run her dream since she was a girl in her teens. But the years were slipping away, and no distinguished man had come to She had received plenty of woo her. attention from well-to-do manufacturers and from impecunious professional men. But the man who could lift her clean out of the rut of humdrum and commonplace had not yet come within the circle of her influence.

Adela's great friends were Mrs. Tomms and Rachel Luke. Extremes meet. Adela was passionately devoted to her friends because they were so different in every way

from herself.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tomms to her one day, "if I were in your place I would give Mr. Wembly a little distinct encouragement."

"Would you?"

"Oh, you needn't speak to me in that tone of voice; I'm your oldest friend, you know, and a married woman, and I know what I'm talking about. You laughed at me for marrying Mr. Tomms, a widower with two children—but could I have done better if I had waited? I have everything I can desire; and as for Tomms—well, you know I can twist him round my finger—and men are all alike, if you know how to manage them."

"Well?"

"Oh, if you are going to be short and hoity-toity I shall say nothing further. I am only advising you for your good; and you know you will be twenty-four next birthday."

"My dear Fanny, I am quite conscious of my advanced age; I found a grey hair

in my head only yesterday."

"Well, so much the more reason why you should take my advice. Anybody can see that Mr. Wembly fairly dotes on you at present. But men are fickle, and it's always best to take them while they are in the humour; besides, women's charms are like the flowers that bloom in the spring. I admit you are wonderfully well preserved so far, but, as Tomms says sometimes, 'tempus is fugiting,' though between



ourselves I don't believe the remark is original. But there's no denying it, if a woman does not get her chance before she's five-and-twenty she gets very few chances after."

"Well, what of that? You talk of marriage as though it were the greatest stroke of good fortune that could come to a woman. I confess I am not in the least anxious to be married; why should I be?"

"Ah, my dear Adela, it is all very well for you to talk, but you can't deceive me. Of course every woman wants to get married. What can be more pitiful than to see a woman growing old alone, without husband or children to keep her company? I wouldn't desire such a fate for my worst enemy."

"You did not always talk in that way, Fanny."

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"Oh no, of course not. Nobody does before she is married; but, all the same, I was not such

a fool as to let the opportunity slip when it came."

"You see you have more worldly wisdom than I possess."

"Now you are growing sarcastic, Adela, and that does not become you a bit. However, I shall trouble no further about the matter, and shall never hint at it again. If you let one of the best chances in Workingham slip, that is your own look-out, but you will not be able to say that your lifelong friend did not warn you; but I have done with it now."

Adela smiled knowingly, and was silent for several seconds, then she said, "How did you enjoy the services last Sunday?"

"Oh, very much; that is, I thought the singing was lovely, and didn't Mr. Wembly play magnificently? But do you know I'm not drawn to Mr. Weir's preaching."

" No?"

"Tomms and I have terrible quarrels over the matter."

"I thought you never quarrelled."

"Only in a friendly way, you know. Tomms fairly dotes on Mr. Weir. I tell him that is because he had so much to do in getting him called to Martyr Gate. You know he proposed him at the deacons' meeting, and so naturally he upholds him."

"But what do you object to in Mr.

Weir?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. Between ourselves, I expect I do not understand Then you know I like a man preaching. who has a few corners. Mr. Weir seems to me to be all things to all men."

"Well, that's scriptural, isn't it?"

"I don't know, but if it is I don't believe in it. I like a man who tells us of our sins whether we like it or no. Mr. Weir never does that. We might be a congregation of saints, that needed no repentance."

"And do you think we do?" Adela

questioned with a smile.

"I don't think at all—I'm sure of it. Why, we're nearly all of us eaten up with selfishness and pride. Martyr Gate is the most select social club in Workingham. We boast of a longer string of carriages in front of the chapel on Sunday mornings than they have at the parish church."

"Well, you believe in social position, don't you?"

"Yes, but I don't believe in mixing it up with religion. But Tomms declares that I can't argue, and that if I try I contradict myself a dozen times in as many minutes.'

"And do you let him say those rude

things to you?"

"Oh, yes, I like him to. You see, we understand each other. That's the beauty of being married. You'll say the same when you get married."

"When I do get married."

"Which I hope will be soon, Adela. Mr. Wembly has a lovely house, I am told, and anybody can see he's devoted to you. He only wants the least bit of encouragement, and he's yours. But there! I said I wouldn't allude to the subject again, and I won't."

"Did you ever feel when you were young, Fanny—"

"When I was what? Really, Adela,---" "I beg your pardon; but I mean in your ante-matrimonial days, did you ever feel that you would like to get out of the

commonplace ruts?"

"I did, Adela; that is one of the reasons why I married Mr. Tomms. If he had been a commonplace man I should not have looked at him, particularly as he was a widower with two children."

"Yes, exactly," Adela said gravely.

"You see there's nobody else of the same name in Workingham. If I had married a man called Jones, for instance-But no, I never could marry a man of that name unless he consented to change it. Hyphen-Jones, for instance, doesn't sound bad. Still, it is a kind of makeshift. But Tomms is unique. When my name appears on a bazaar circular or in a list of names at the Mayor's ball, everybody in Workingham knows that it means me and nobody

"Yes, you are quite right, Fanny."

"Take the case of Wembly, again. Now Mr. Dick Wembly is the only one of that name in Workinghamshire. I know you are ambitious, Adela—not for money, but for distinction. Well, here is your opportunity. I am sure you will never get such a chance again. As I say sometimes to Tomms, Providence is very niggardly in the matter of chances."

"And does he agree with you?"

"No, he doesn't. He says, with a laugh, that if I had refused him he could have got a dozen others quite as good. But that, of course, is his fun, for everybody knows that the law would not allow him to have more than one at a time."

"And a very merciful law, I should

say.'

"That's what Tomms says. You can't think how he chaffs me at times. But as I was saying, when Providence puts a chance in your way you ought to embrace

"As you did Mr Tomms?"

"Don't be silly, Adela. As if I would make the first advances. But Mr. Wembly is clearly bent on you. But there! I said I would not allude to the subject again, and I won't."

As time went on Adela began seriously to wonder whether her friend Fanny Tomms was not, after all, right. Wembly was young, that is, he was under thirty, he was wealthy, and he was not without ambition. Men rarely made a name before they were forty. Women who married distinguished men, as a rule

married them before honours were thrust

upon them.

So matters stood when Anthony Weir came upon the scene, and then a new current began to make itself felt in the placid waters of Adela Butler's life. For a few months she took very little notice of him. She was not drawn to ministers as a class. They professed to be too otherworldly for her liking, and when they discussed doctrines and ecclesiastical polity she was entirely out of her element. Anthony Weir, however, avoided theology when he came to the house, or if he discussed it at all it was in the privacy of her uncle's den. When with her he talked of books, and pictures, and music, and even the drama. There was no denying also that he was good-looking, that he was very gentlemanly in his bearing, and that he was becoming exceedingly popular in the city.

If she wanted distinction, did it not lie in this direction? In a few years the chances were, Anthony Weir's name would be known from one end of the country to the other. He would possibly become as famous on the platform as in the pulpit. Perhaps he would write books and articles for reviews, and so become distinguished in literature. Then some university might honour him with a D.D. or an LL.D.—fashions seemed to run in that direction—and he would be known as Dr. Anthony Weir. And of course the woman he married would shine in his glory and have

a share in all his distinctions.

Dick Wembly quickly became conscious of this new current that was troubling the waters, and vowed with many oaths that the man who stood between him and Adela Butler would wish that he had never been born. He knew well enough that the one possession a minister has, and without which everything else is valueless—is reputation. Touch that, and neither eloquence nor learning can save him.

Dick Wembly made a mental note, and resolved to bide his time. He had no conscientious scruples. With money most things could be accomplished, and he could

afford to wait.

CHAPTER XI.—"FEAR HATH TORMENT"

"Duties are ours ; Events are God's."

IF Anthony could have forgotten Phillis
Day he would have proposed to Adela
Butler before the year was out. He had

no doubt whatever as to Adela's fitness. She would make an ideal minister's wife; she would help him to the social position he pined for, and she would provide the wherewithal for keeping up an expensive establishment—but the old longing for Phillis still remained; she was his first love, and he feared sometimes that he would never forget her and never cease to love her.

So he was still stretched on the rack between love and policy. What he called prudence, and self-interest, and expediency, all urged him to make immediate love to Adela Butler and marry her, but his heart

always pleaded for Phillis.

Curiously enough, he never considered Dick Wembly in the matter. Wembly had been exceedingly friendly with him; had invited him out to his house to dinner again and again, and had more than once sent to his lodgings a box of the best Havannas. He knew, of course, that Wembly was generally regarded as Adela's suitor. They had been on the most friendly terms now for a couple of years. Gossip also said that he was passionately in love with her.

One thing, however, was clear to Anthony, and that was that Adela was not passionately in love with Wembly. He had watched them when they were together, and he was fully convinced that, though she might like him as a friend, love for the present, at any rate, was out of the

reckoning.

With respect to Dick's feelings for her he was not so certain. If he were madly in love with her he had a curious way of showing it. When he had gone down to The Firs to dinner, Adela's name was never mentioned, and when they had smoked together in the library, no hint was given that he cared for her, or that in any sense

they were rivals.

The position was not without its humorous side. Anthony, like a peevish baby, hardly knew what he wanted. Indeed, he was so absorbed in the consideration of his own interests that he had no time to give to the affairs of any one else. On the whole he liked Dick Wembly. He was not religious, it was true, nor particularly intellectual, but he was bluff and generous; moreover, he kept a good table, and made his visitors feel perfectly at home. That he could have any sinister motive in inviting him to The Firs, and keeping on

friendly, and even intimate terms with him, never once crossed his mind. He was not naturally suspicious, while his knowledge of men and the world was necessarily

exceedingly limited.

Dick Wembly was not the man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, nor was he likely to show his hand in any little game he had resolved to play. He saw well enough that if Adela had any liking for the young minister it was of no use his protesting and making a scene, nor would it be of any use trying to raise obstacles between them. That was not his game. If he attempted anything of that kind he would only spoil his chances in the future. No! things were to be allowed to take their course. Adela for the moment was keeping him at arm's length; Anthony Weir was evidently the favourite.

In his own room Dick abused Anthony and all other parsons in no stinted terms, but when they were together he showed himself the most genial of hosts and companions. Still his purpose never slackened for a moment. He had made up his mind that Adela Butler should be his wife, and he would allow nothing to stand in the way of his realisation of that

object.

As to the methods he would adopt, nothing could be decided. Everything would depend upon circumstances. He was resolved, however, not to be precipitate, for that might spoil everything; neither would he show pique or temper, for that might awaken suspicion. He might have to endure the knowledge that Anthony was making love to the one woman in the world he cared for. He might be called upon later to congratulate them on their engagement. He might see them walking as lovers through the streets of Workingham, might even hear the announcement of their wedding-day, but he vowed that Anthony should never marry her, and that in the long run she should be his wife.

Anthony, however, hesitated day after day, and week after week; the wistful, pleading eyes of Phillis seemed to put a drag upon his tongue. Sometimes in the quiet of his own room he would call himself a fool and a coward, and many other uncomplimentary names, for not yielding to the pleading of his own heart.

"What is money," he would say to himself, "in comparison with love? and won't a big house be a prison if love is not there 196 to brighten it? And if the heart keeps hungry all the time, can anything else atone for it? Oh, I am a fool, and am sinning against heaven and against my own soul." But these outbursts did not help him in the smallest degree. His gospel of getting on proved too strong for his heart.

Once only during the months he had been in Workingham had he written to Phillis—a friendly, brotherly letter, such as he had been in the habit of writing for years past—and within a week he had

received a reply.

"Good little Phillis," he said to himself when he saw her letter lying by the side of his breakfast-plate. He knew her handwriting in a moment, and it sent a strange

flutter through his heart.

He read the letter and re-read it, hoping to discover in it some hint of love, and when he returned it to the envelope he did so with a little sigh. The letter was frank, and fresh, and ingenuous, but Phillis did not offer what she had not been asked for.

"I sometimes think she doesn't care for me," he said to himself, "she seems so unconcerned, so placidly content and happy," and pushing the letter into his pocket he attacked his bacon and dry toast with great vigour; but in a few minutes he had pushed the plate impatiently from him

He was chagrined that Phillis had shown no resentment at his coldness and neglect. If she had upbraided him in the smallest degree it would have been as a salve to his wounded vanity. Perhaps she had no desire or ambition to be the wife of the popular minister of Martyr Gate, whose praises were being sung from end to end of his denomination.

This failure on the part of Phillis to realise and appreciate his greatness and importance irritated him. She surely could not know to what a position he had attained in four short months, or she would not pass the matter by so lightly, as though it were of no consequence. He took the letter out

of his pocket and read it again-

"Dear Anthony,—It was very kind of you to write me such a long letter about your life and work in Workingham. I can quite understand how busy you must be, and what very little time you have for correspondence. But your mother runs

across every now and then when she has any special news. She worries about you sometimes, thinking you work too hard. But I tell her that work rarely kills anybody. It must be very satisfactory to you that you have found such comfortable apartments, and that when you feel in no humour for work you can go into the next room and have a chat with the curate. I suppose you have some warm discussions sometimes. It must be interesting to come across a man who has clear and definite convictions, and who is prepared to live up to them, and make sacrifices for them. Such people, I fear, are becoming scarce. Father waxes indignant sometimes at the young men of the present day; he says that nine-tenths of them don't know what they believe, and those who do believe anything can give no reason for the faith that is in them, but I fancy that is putting the matter in a very extreme way. But you would have laughed the other day if you had been here. Your mother was telling him what you said about the curate. 'That's the sort of man for me,' he said; 'very likely I shouldn't agree with some of his opinions, but he's the stuff in him that men are made out of.' Your mother looked quite bewildered, for father is such a staunch Nonconformist that this defence of the curate seemed almost to take her breath away. I laughed outright, I couldn't help it; but, on the whole, I side with father. The weather is warm, and damp, and dismal. There is not the least 'feel' of Christmas in the air. I shall be glad when the days begin to lengthen again. Logan Mere never laughs in these dull winter days; for the most part it lies sullen and dark, when it moves at all it gets angry; but spring, when it comes, will change everything. can hear the sea moaning out beyond the bar while I write, and every night it lulls You said something in your me to sleep. letter about Sanlogan being a dull little hole. I hope you did not quite mean that. It is very quiet and peaceful, but I don't think it is ever dull. I hope you will have a pleasant Christmas. Father sends very kind regards.

"Believe me, yours very sincerely,
"PHILLIS DAY."

"No, I don't believe she cares two straws for me," he muttered to himself as he twisted round his chair toward the fire, "and she's quite unable to appreciate the position I am making for myself, if I have not actually made it. That's just like country people, their outlook is so narrow, and, worse than all, they are so content to stagnate. No doubt I did wisely in not engaging myself to her. She may be very pretty and winning—ay, and she is, too. I've never seen her equal yet. But—but—well, she would hardly do for a place like Workingham; she would not rise to it, I fear."

Anthony turned to his work after a while; but the fair face of Phillis Day came constantly between him and his books, and the letter haunted him.

What did she mean about people with convictions becoming scarce? Was that a sly rap at him? That could scarcely be, for he had convictions, and he lived up to them. His convictions might not commend themselves to Captain Day, perhaps, but that was nothing to the point.

"I wish she had written about other things," he muttered. "She might have given me a hint of her old regard for me. I am sure she was fond of me once. It is humiliating to be dropped as though one were of no account."

Then he edged his chair suddenly toward the fire again; the vague idea of his unreasonableness seemed to dawn upon his mind.

"Perhaps I am not quite fair," he reflected. "If she has ceased to care for me I've only myself to blame. On the whole, perhaps I've not treated her very well; and yet I have loved her very sincerely, there's no denying it, I have; and I love her still. But why should I worry if she has lost all regard for me? I ought to be thankful rather, for I suppose I've no intention of marrying her in any case. Adela Butler is the woman for me. She has style, talent, and money, and in the strict sense of these words Phillis has neither."

Anthony put away his work at length and went out. He was in no humour for study, perhaps a round of visits would restore his mind to its normal calm. He gave the Fishpool district a wide berth, but he heard on all hands that the fever was spreading and assuming somewhat alarming proportions.

At the last house at which he called he heard that one of the Martyr Gate members had been attacked, not an "important" member, he noted, but nevertheless a member of many years' standing, and who had

been useful in his way in the Sunday school

and in other spheres of labour.

Anthony grew hot and cold by turns. What should he do? He stood in mortal dread of all kinds of diseases, particularly of fevers. There was something in the very name that gave him the creeps. Would his deacons, he wondered, expect him to go to visit this man? Would his church and congregation generally regard it as his duty? He hoped not; and yet he was very much afraid they would. People were often very unreasonable, and insisted upon others doing what they would not like to do themselves, though even that statement would not go on all fours; for, un-fortunately from his point of view, little Tim the cobbler had been to see the sick man, and had remained with him all the previous night.

He almost hated Timothy at the moment. It was so unreasonable of him to go, for of course everybody would say if Timothy Jonas could go and see a fellow-member who was ill, the minister could have no

excuse for not going.

Anthony resolved to pay no more visits that day. He was afraid that some one might suggest that he went at once into the infected district. Some people were unreasonable enough for anything. would not consider the risks, nor take into account the fact that his life was of more value than fifty Timothy Jonas' or Job Penny's. It was very disappointing that, after so many centuries of Christian teaching, people-and even church members-were not prepared to apply the same rule to the conduct of others that they would like to have applied to their own. He would have to preach a sermon on "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." That was not the exact wording of the text, but that was the idea. Yes, he could make an excellent and telling sermon on that subject. First the principle stated; secondly, the application of the principle; thirdly-

He looked up with a sudden start. A pleasant "good-afternoon" close to his ear brought him back to the visible and

material.

"You seemed in quite a brown study,"

she said with a pleasant laugh.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was. An idea struck me just now that I thought might be worked up into a very useful sermon."

"Are you always on the look-out for sermons?" she questioned.

"Always," he answered frankly. "It is a kind of old-man-of-the-sea about one's neck."

"That must be very worrying," she said.
"No wonder ministers wear such an anxious look."

"Do they? I did not know they did."

"Many of them do. And really I do not see how they can help it. So many responsibilities seem to rest upon them. And yet do you know, if I were a man I would rather be a minister than anything else on earth."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, they have so many opportunities of doing good that are denied to others. I have begged uncle and aunt to let me go and nurse some of the poor people in the Fishpool district——"

"No, surely!"

"Yes, I have, but they won't hear of it. They call me hair-brained and quixotic."

"But you might take the fever."

"I might, of course; but what of that? Somebody must do the nursing, and I think if I were one of these poor people, very ill, and perhaps dying, and no one came to me, would it not be terrible?"

"It would indeed."

"I quoted the text to aunty last night—
'Whatsoever ye would that men should do
unto you, do ye even so unto them.' And
she said that that was not a text that applied
to women at all."

"Ah! Did she?" Anthony questioned with a start, and the sermon he had been composing fell into shreds in a moment. For a few seconds he stared vacantly into the sweet earnest face of the girl by his side, then with a hurried good-afternoon he strode away in the direction of his lodgings.

There were drawbacks even to the ministry. He wondered if he would have found the law less exacting and more

lucrative.

That evening he spent in his room alone. The curate was out. There were so many sick to be visited that he was rarely at home now. Moreover, he had sent word to Mrs. Tynan that he was going to watch by the bedside of one of his flock during the night.

"I don't understand Colvin," he said to himself, as he settled himself down to a cigar and a book. "Fancy spending a whole night with a fever patient. I do hope nobody will expect me to visit Job Penny." He went to bed early that night, but for a long time he did not sleep. He was worried and anxious. The prospect of having to visit fever cases disturbed his usual equanimity, and conjured up in his mind all kinds of horrible visions. He kept fancying that he heard the door-bell, and feared that it might be a summons to the bedside of some one who was sick.

It was late when he got up next morning, and when he drew up the blind he gave a little gasp. Coming toward the house, with his long arms swinging like flails, was little Tim. There could be no mistaking him. Among a thousand Timothy could be recognised. Evidently, also, he was in a great

"Good gracious!" gasped Anthony. "I wonder if he is coming for me? and if he is, what am I to do? If I go I'm certain to take the fever, and if I don't go I'm a lost man, for all the church will turn against me."

He never felt in such a horrible fix before in his life. He was between the devil and the deep sea.

Nearer and nearer came Tim. Yes, he was looking for the numbers on the doors.

"He is after me, sure enough," Anthony said, the perspiration breaking out over his forehead. He felt for the moment as if all the furies of perdition had been let loose upon him. His brain was in a whirl, and yet he was bound to come to a decision of some kind, and without delay.

CHAPTER XII. -- A QUESTION OF NERVES

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

To divest himself of his clothes and jump into bed again was the work of a few seconds. It seemed a cowardly thing to do, but there appeared to be no other way out of the difficulty. Besides, he discovered suddenly that he was not feeling at all well; his heart was beating at a most uncomfortable rate, and a cold perspiration had broken out all over him.

Seizing the bell-rope he pulled it violently, and a few moments later he heard footsteps on the stairs. Then came a knock at his bedroom door.

"Come in," he called faintly.

Mrs. Tynan's face appeared at once on the scene.

"Will you send across to Dr. Rook and ask him to come and see me at once," he said, speaking rapidly. "Are you ill?" Mrs. Tynan questioned, an anxious look coming into her eyes.

"I don't feel at all well," he replied, "but I don't think it is anything serious."

Then the street door-bell rang violently through the house.

"I'll send Betsy at once," Mrs. Tynan answered, and she pulled the door to and hurried down the stairs.

Betsy was busy getting breakfast ready, and Mrs. Tynan opened the street door berself

Anthony listened with strained attention. "Does Mr. Weir live here?"

The sound of Timothy's voice made him start, though he was quite expecting it, and the perspiration broke out over him again.

"He does, but he is so unwell that he has not got up yet."

"He was well enough last night," Timothy said in hard rasping tones.

"He has not looked very well for a day or two," Mrs. Tynan said, "though he has not complained until this morning. I am just sending across for Dr. Rook to come and see him."

"I'm very sorry," Timothy said in milder tones, "terrible sorry. It is an unfortunate time for him to fall ill. I've learned this morning that three of the Martyr Gate members are down with the fever; and that's not reckoning Job Penny, who, poor chap, is at the last gasp."

"I suppose the fever is very bad in the Fishpool district?" Mrs. Tynan questioned. "Ay, and it's getting worse every day."

Then there was a long pause. Anthony fancied he saw Tim standing on the doormat with his eyes upon the floor, and Mrs. Tynan waiting impatiently for him to take his departure.

Timothy grunted something at length which Anthony could not hear distinctly, then the door closed, and Mrs. Tynan

returned to the kitchen.

Anthony began to breathe a little more freely. So far he had done remarkably well. No one would ever suspect for a moment that his sudden indisposition had anything to do with the visit of little Tim, or the illness of Job Penny. The little farce, however, having been started, would have to be kept up, and that would require tact and discretion. Very likely Tim would be round again in the evening to see if he were better. Hence it was of no use feigning illness for an hour or a day. He almost wished that he could have a mild

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attack of influenza that would keep him indoors for a week or two, by which time the fever epidemic would probably have passed

In that case, of course, his pulpit would have to be supplied. But that would not be difficult. It would give his assistant also-who had just arrived-an opportunity of proving his quality. It was true that the young minister, who had been engaged for the mission-room, was not expected to take any of the services at Martyr Gate. Still, in an emergency it would be very proper that he should do so.

Anthony was deep in these meditations when a hurried step sounded on the stairs, and a minute later the door was pushed open and Dr. Rook entered. Anthony felt terribly guilty, and the perspiration broke

out over him again.

Dr. Rook was a middle-aged man with a bald head, a quiet professional manner, and a tendency to exaggerate small ailments. By representing the case as serious at the beginning, the skill displayed in effecting a cure shone out all the more conspicuously.

He questioned Anthony closely as to his symptoms, took his temperature, which showed the fifth of a degree above normal, applied the stethoscope to his chest and back, felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and then walked to the end of the room to consider the matter.

Anthony watched him curiously, but with no sense of anxiety; he knew well enough that he ailed nothing. Hence the doctor's words and manner were something of a shock to him when he came back again and

stood by his bedside.

"You have not called me in a moment too soon, Mr. Weir," he said in his most professional manner. "I have been afraid for some time that you were working too hard. However, with care and patience I think I shall be able to save you from a complete nervous break-down."

"Goodness," Anthony ejaculated, "I did

not think it was so bad as that."

"Of course you feel no pain," Dr. Rook went on. "Pain is not a symptom of these insidious nervous diseases. If pain were an accompaniment, many a man would pull up in time, and greatly prolong his life. But a mere feeling of tiredness is treated as of no account."

"I certainly did not think it was anything

to be alarmed about," Anthony said seriously.

"Nor must you alarm yourself now," the doctor said quickly. "You have fortunately sent for me in time. For a few days you must stay in bed. There is no place like bed for getting a thorough rest. I will send you some medicine, and give your landlady instructions as to diet, etc."

"But that means that I shall not be able to preach on Sunday," Anthony said in

tones of consternation.

"Of course you will not preach on Sunday. I will call round and see Alderman Butler and explain matters to him. believe your church has recently engaged an assistant for you?"

"Well, not exactly that. Mr. Vincent's special charge is the Burt Street Mission."

"But under the direction of Martyr Gate Church, I understand?"

Martyr Gate makes itself "Exactly! responsible for his salary and all other charges."

"Then I think you may make your mind But I will look in again this eveneasy. And he went out, closing the door softly behind him.

Anthony turned over on his side and stared at the wall. He was hardly able to realise just yet the fresh turn of events. For the moment he had lost his bearings, and was oppressed with a sense of the unreality of things. He felt as though he had been just awakened out of a dream; indeed, he was not quite certain if he were

not dreaming still.

After a while things began to shape themselves more clearly in his mind, and he gave a sigh of relief. Before the doctor came he felt himself a coward and a hypocrite. Now he was convinced he was neither. He had been ill all the time. It was no fault of his that he did not know it. How should he know that the nervous terror that he had felt for several days, and which had been alarmingly increased by the sight of Timothy Jonas, was the symptom of a serious physical condition? Instead of blaming himself for playing the coward he ought rather to congratulate himself for keeping so heroically on his feet.

Then his thoughts took another direction. This was by no means the first time that what had seemed at first a trifling circumstance turned out to be a piece of genuine luck. He recalled the day when he lost a collar-stud and broke a bootlace, and almost used bad language in consequence, and yet what a stroke of good

fortune it proved. Later he would have proposed to Phillis Day, by Logan Mere, but for Ned Retew, who happened to be landing a trout at that moment and in that particular spot. At the time he could have kicked Ned into the mere in sheer annoyance; but he saw clearly enough now that it was a sort of special providence to save him from doing a most impolitic thing. Now, again, when he was disposed to blame little Tim for busying himself about matters that were no concern of his, as things turned out he was a sort of "angel unawares." A very particular providence with long arms, little body, and very big feet.

Surely nothing could be deemed trivial or unimportant, nothing was to be set aside as of no account. From the smallest circumstances the most important events were evolved.

The appearance of Mrs. Tynan broke in upon his reflections.

ceedingly welcome, for now that his mind was at rest the claims of the body asserted themselves with much force and pertinacity. He could have eaten twice the amount that Mrs. Tynan brought him, but concluded it would not be prudent to ask for a second supply. He was an invalid, and that fact he would have to keep steadily in his mind for a few days at any rate.

News soon spread among the members of Martyr Gate that their young minister was ill-suffering from nervous exhaustion. Nobody manifested any surprise. though every one was loud in his expressions of regret. A few abnormally wise

people had known for weeks past what was coming. They had seen it in his eyes, and felt it in the enfeebled grip of his hand. They had said nothing about it, for they did not wish to pose as alarmists, but they wondered everybody else had not seen what was so clear to them.

Now that it was pointed out, many others remembered that Mr. Weir had not looked well for several weeks past. Of course, to supply the pulpit of Martyr Gate week after week must be a great strain on any young man, and for five full months he had taken no rest. They ought to have thought of it before, and insisted on his going away for



"YOU HAVE NOT CALLED ME IN A MOMENT TOO SOON, MR. WEIR," HE SAID IN HIS MOST PROFESSIONAL MANNER

Christmas; but he had expressed no desire for a holiday, and so no one had suggested it to him. It was a fortunate thing he had

pulled himself up in time.

During the afternoon Anthony had several callers. Alderman Butler came first, grave and sympathetic. Then came Mr. Tomms, the secretary. Both urged Anthony on no account to worry himself. The matter of supplying the pulpit could be easily got over. For the first Sunday, in any case, Mr. Vincent could preach, it would obviate the necessity of going to Burt Street to hear him.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Vincent himself called, and received instructions as to the order and conduct of the services. He was very deferential to Anthony, and manifested great readiness to assist him in every possible way. But he did not remain long. The two men were strangers to each other yet, and neither felt certain that he would

care much for the other.

Paul Vincent looked the older man of the two, though he was rather more than a year younger. His college record, if not brilliant, was at least honourable; but his talents were not of the showy kind, his gift of eloquence fell far short of Anthony's, and that particular charm of manner which made the pastor of Martyr Gate so popular was in Paul Vincent conspicuous by its absence.

By nightfall Anthony felt himself quite an invalid, and after spending three days in bed was firmly convinced that he was suffering from a very serious break-down.

Dr. Rook paid his patient very considerable attention, and every few days short paragraphs appeared in the local papers giving an account of Anthony's condition. Inquiries came from all parts of the city; ministers of all denominations called at the house, and sufficient delicacies were sent to him to supply a hospital ward.

Anthony told Mr. Bilstone when he called that it was almost worth being ill to discover how many friends he had in the

city.

"Ah," said Mr. Bilstone briskly, pushing his hands deep into his pockets. "A man who is pleasant all round will always make friends. Always have a pleasant look, I say, and a cheery word. Smiles don't cost nothing, and they help a man wonderfully. Why, Mr. Weir, you are one of the most popular men in Workingham."

"Oh no," Anthony said deprecatingly.

"But I tell you you are," Mr. Bilstone said with energy. "And I'll tell you why. You've been here six months, and you've never put your foot yet on anybody's corns as far as I can discover. You have your views, of course, but you never state 'em in a way that upsets the views of other folk. Now, there are some parsons who are always hitting out from the shoulder, and denouncing this and that, and the other thing. Calling the drink-traffic bad names, and hurling the judgments of heaven at folks whose human nature is a little beyond normal; but it don't do, Mr. Weir, and I'm glad you've avoided that kind of thing."

"Of course you can do no good to a man when you have made an enemy of him,"

Anthony said hesitatingly.

"Of course you can't. A minister's business is to make friends and keep 'em; and I must say you've been wonderfully successful in that. You can see it yourself by the way everybody is inquiring after you. It's a proud position you've won here, Mr. Weir, and I rejoice with you."

"It's very kind of you," Anthony said

with a slight blush.

"No, it's not kind at all. It don't cost me anything to speak the truth—at least in this case. But you've been working too hard, that's where the trouble comes in, and you must have a change."

"A change?" Anthony questioned curi-

ously

"Yes, a change. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. You know the old adage. And I believe in it, and I try to live up to it."

Anthony did not reply, for he knew whatever was in Mr. Bilstone's mind it would

come out sooner or later.

"We've been talking it over among ourselves," the auctioneer went on after a brief pause. "That is, the deacons of course, and I may say we are all agreed on the matter. You want a change, Mr. Weir. That's the first thing——"

"Yes."

"But where can you get a change in England at this time of the year that will do you good? The weather is miserably wet and cold, and judging from past experience, it will get colder as the days lengthen. Alderman Butler says there's no place like Nice. You know he goes there every year."

"No, I do not know."

"Made a practice of it for years. Keeps away often for three months. Well, he goes next week. I want a change myself; and our suggestion is that you go along with us. Three weeks or a month in the sunny south will quite set you up."

" But-but-

"No, don't go raising any objections till you've heard me out. You go as my guest. My wife will nurse you if you want any nursing. The six of us will make a nice little party—the three Butlers and ourselves. We get a saloon from Calais straight through. The alderman will book rooms in Nice, for he knows all the ropes, and we shall just have a good time of it. No work, and plenty of fresh air and sunshine."

Anthony's eyes sparkled. The auctioneer's brisk sentences sounded like a romance. The prospect opened up was almost too good

to be true.

"I fear it is impossible, Mr. Bilstone," he said after a pause. "I must not think about a holiday yet. We are in the thick of our

winter's work at Martyr Gate."

"Yes, we've considered all that," Mr. Bilstone went on briskly. "Mr. Vincent will be able to take charge of the week-night services and meetings, and give an eye to matters generally."

"But my pulpit on the Sunday!"

Anthony pleaded.

"Important, I know," was the reply.
"But Mr. Tomms says he can easily get supplies. Besides, Mr. Vincent can take a Sunday now and then. Some of the folks quite liked him last Sunday. He's not my style of a preacher, I can assure you. But then some folks are easily pleased, which is a great mercy."

"What is your objection to him as a preacher?" Anthony asked with pretended

indifference.

"Oh, well, he is altogether too much in earnest. Too intense, if you understand; he takes himself altogether too seriously. The world and the Church too might be going to the devil together, judging by the way he talked. He made me feel quite uncomfortable—he did, upon my word. I had a guilty feeling all the time he was preaching that I was a confounded hypocrite, and that our church at Martyr Gate was just a fashionable show run for our own pleasure and glorification. Now a man does not go to church, Mr. Weir, to be

made to feel uncomfortable and generally miserable. The gospel of good cheer is what I believe in, and I try to live up to it."

Anthony made no reply to this; he was too deeply thinking. The auctioneer's description of his assistant's preaching had started a train of thought in his mind which was somewhat disturbing. He began to wonder in a vague undefined way whether, as a minister, he had got hold of the right end of things; whether he fully realised or understood what "being called to be an apostle" meant. Mr. Bilstone had complimented him on never putting his foot on anybody's corns, but almost for the first time a half-defined doubt crossed his mind as to whether he ought to regard it as a compliment. Was it possible to please everybody and yet speak the truth?

Mr. Bilstone called him back from himself. "Now, Mr. Weir," he said in his breezy way, "you will see that we have

settled everything for you."

"I should like to go with you very much," Anthony said slowly. "To get away from these murky skies into the sunshine would be a great treat; and if I could be certain that things would go on during my absence—"

"My dear friend, don't you worry on that account," Mr. Bilstone interrupted. "The machinery at Martyr Gate is too well oiled and balanced to get out of gear in one month, or two. You make your mind easy, and get ready to start next week," and Mr. Bilstone rose and began to button his coat.

"Well, call again to-morrow," Anthony said hesitatingly, "and meanwhile I will

think about it.

After Mr. Bilstone's departure Anthony stared for a long time into the fire without moving. Was this another stroke of luck? he wondered. Everything was happening just as he would desire it to happen. To go away with the Bilstones and the Butlers would mean that he would see Adela every day. That would suit his purpose exactly. He wanted to see more of Adela; wanted to get on more familiar terms with her. There was a certain stateliness in her manner that he wanted to break through. Also, abroad she would be away from the influence of Dick Wembly, and he would have the field all to himself.

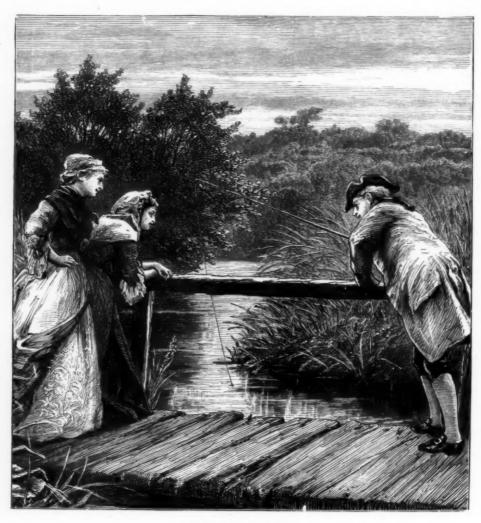
"Nothing could be better," he reflected.
"A month from now and most likely the

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fever epidemic will have spent itself. A change of air and scene will brace up my nerves and make me feel myself again. Yes, I think I see my way pretty clearly. It's a bad wind that doesn't blow somebody

good." And he closed his eyes and laughed softly to himself.

Next day he told Mr. Bilstone that he would be quite ready to start the following week.



THE GENTLE CRAFT

Who was "Robin Adair"?

T was the privilege of the present writer to be for some years the neighbour of, and to enjoy acquaintance with, the late Sir George Hodson, baronet, of Hollybrooke, near Bray, in the county of Wicklow.

Hollybrooke is in itself one of the loveliest spots in that lovely county, which an Irish

poet of to-day has called

"A land where alway God's right hand Seems stretching downward to caress His wayward children as they stand And gaze upon its loveliness."

Situated in the valley between the Sugarloaf mountain and the Little Sugarloaf, Hollybrooke has been for more than a hundred and fifty years the home of the Hodson family.

It is to Wicklow that one must go to see the too rare sight, in Ireland at least, of landlord and tenant, Protestant and Roman Catholic, living side by side in goodwill and neighbourliness. Sir George Hodson's relations with the humbler classes were a notable illustration of this. For over forty years he was Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the poor. In the terrible famine time, when distress, hunger, and death made havoc throughout Ireland, he proved himself a true friend of the needy. On the slope of the Little Sugarloaf, in sight of the windows of Hollybrooke, stands a memorial tower which bears the following inscription-

1 "Stories of Wicklow," by G. F. Savage-Armstrong. In Grateful recollection

Sir George Hodson of Hollybrooke Baronet Built this Tower A.D. 1849

To Commemorate the voluntary act of the Inhabitants of the adjoining Townlands,

Who in March 1847 under the directions of Mr. James Bourke of Kilmurray enclosed into the Demesne of Hollybrooke 26 acres of the lesser Sugar Loaf Hill,

Commenced Augt. 6th 1849

Finished Novr 10th 1849

Sir George Hodson Bart. Archt

William Lumsden Steward

8. Cooper & M. Noble Masons

But there is another inscription in the grounds of Hollybrooke which takes us back



From a Photo by Miss Hodson

HOLLYBROOKE HOUSE

Built on the site of Robin Adair's old home by Sir George Hodson, Bart., 1837. The present laundry and dairy were part of the original house.

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in imagination to a still earlier date. A little lake near the house ends in a tiny waterfall, overhung with trees—a cool and calm retreat on a summer day. There it was Sir George's delight to take his visitor and point out on a slab of iron on a hydraulic press by which water is sent up to the house, the following words, which were his own handiwork—

This Hydraulic Ram

Constructed from the designs of Rendell and Lamprey
was Erected by
Sir George Hodson of Hollybrooke Baronet
in August 1855

Adjoining the spot once used as a favourite retreat by
ROBIN ADAIR

Here Robin Sat and Sung and Quaffed the Bowl. Degenerate days! how fall'n the Antient line! Now Science bids ascending waters roll And fountains gush where once flowed genial wine.

And then, as we entered the spacious entrance-hall, he would show us the portrait of Robin Adair on the wall near the staircase. On the opposite wall there still hangs the

IRISH HARP WHICH EDLONGED TO ROBIN the stairca ADAIR ABOUT 1720 old Irish harp, with its thirty-seven strings, which belonged to Robin, and which dates from about the year 1720. And on a shelf in

the year 1720. And on a shelf in the dining-room there still stand two huge drinking-goblets, out of which the same Robin used to quaff what must have been very deep draughts indeed.

Was this, then, the Robin Adair of whom some lonely lips sang in the famous words—

"What's this dull town to me?— Robin's not here"?

The cyclopædias and dictionaries would lead one to think it was not.

Here is the popular account of the song "Robin Adair," as given in one well-known handbook and repeated in varying forms in many similar publications—

"'Robin Adair' was written by Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle; she married (after the usual unsmooth run of true love) Robert Adair, a young Irish surgeon, in 1758. The air was the old Irish tune of 'Eileen Aroon,' which her lover had sung to her. Robin Adair left a son who became



ANNE, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF ROBIN ADAIR, AND FIRST WIFE OF SIR ROBERT HODSON, FIRST BARONET

It was through her that Hollybrooke came into possession of the Hodson family.

the Hon. Sir Robert Adair, G.C.B. The latter died in 1855."

Now, whoever the "Robin Adair" of the song was, this idea that he was the surgeon who married Lady Caroline Keppel, and became Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and afterwards Surgeon-General, may be once and for all disposed of. We have the best authority for saying that the Albemarle family at any rate know nothing of it. Lady Caroline Keppel was certainly not the author

of the song.

A correspondence on the origin and authorship of "Robin Adair" took place at intervals in "Notes and Queries" from 1864 to 1896. Some of the writers repeat the story about Lady Caroline Keppel. Others are aware of the fact that there was a well-known "Robin Adair" at Hollybrooke, and that he was celebrated in song. But many of them refer to other songs with which Robin's name was connected. One

ROBIN ADAIR
(From the painting at Hollybrooke)

"Welcome to Foxall, sweet Robin Adair,
Welcome to Foxall, sweet Robin Adair.
How does Tom Butler do?
And Jemmy Aldridge too?
Why didn't they come with you,
Robin Adair?"

It can, however, be shown without much difficulty that these words are a parody of the original "Robin Adair." They were written about 1814, when the song had become widely known after being sung by Braham at the Lyceum Theatre in 1811.

The Adair of this parody was a member of a Dublin firm of wine-merchants—Aldridge, Adair, and Butler.

Then there is another song with which the name of Adair is associated. It is called "The Kilruddery Hunt"—a rollicking song. The Kilruddery Hunt takes its name from the residence of the Earl of Meath, which adjoins Hollybrooke, and the members of the hunt are represented as meeting at dinner at Lord Powerscourt's, whose

house is another of the neighbouring Wicklow mansions. But it "Johnny Adair" whose name appears in this song, and he was John Adair of Kilternan, Co. Dublin. are coming near to "Robin Adair," however, when we get so far, for John Adair of Kilternan was the son of Robin Adair of Hollybrooke. This merry song of "The Kilruddery Hunt" was written by John St. Leger of Puckstown, in the county of Dublin, a son of Sir John St. Leger, one of

the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

Robin Adair of Hollybrooke was the descendant of a very ancient Irish, and, for a time, Scottish family. About 1388, Robert Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Desmond and owner of the lands of Adare in Ireland, settled in Galloway, and took the name of Robert Adare. His family became the Adairs of Kilhilt. An Archibald Adair of this family came to Ireland in 1630, and became Bishop of Killala, and afterwards of Waterford; he died in 1647. He was

Who was "Robin Adair"?



ESCAPE OF CHARLES I, FROM OXFORD, DISGUISED AS SERVANT TO DR. ASHBURNHAM, AND DR. HODSON, HIS CHAPLAIN



ROBIN ADAIR AND THE KILRUDDERY HUNT

Scenes from the Window

the direct ancestor of Robert Adair of Hollybrooke.¹

Robin Adair died in 1737. His daughter Eleanor married William Hodson of Old Court. The son of this marriage was Sir Robert Hodson (born in 1747), and he married his cousin Anne, the only daughter of Forster Adair of Hollybrooke. Thus the Adair property at Hollybrooke came into possession of the Hodson family. The Hodsons of Old Court were descended from the famous Bishop Hodson (or Hudson) of Elphin, of an old English family. Before coming to Ireland he had assisted Charles I. in 1646 to escape from Oxford, and in this connection his name appears in "John Inglesant." This incident in the Bishop's life is depicted in one of the four scenes in the stained glass window on the staircase at Hollybrooke.

The chain of evidence as to the identity of "Robin Adair" is tolerably complete. The late Sir George Hodson, who died in 1888, was the great-grandson of Robin Adair. He was born in 1806, that is, within seventy years after Robin Adair's death. The family tradition was clear and definite that their ancestor, Robin Adair, was the "Robin Adair" of the song. This statement Sir George Hodson often made verbally, and he repeated it in a letter to "Notes and Queries," June 18, 1864, in which he also distinguishes Robin from

the "Johnny Adair" of "The Kilruddery Hunt."

Further, this statement is confirmed by the Robin Adair relics at Hollybrooke—the harp and the drinking-goblets; by Sir George Hodson's inscription at the waterfall, and by the portrait of the grand-daughter of Robin Adair, Sir Robert Hodson's first wife, which is in the library.

Another interesting piece of evidence is found in the work of a French Royalist, M. de Latocnaye, who made a tour in Ireland in 1796, and published an account of it under the title of "Promenade d'un Français dans l'Irlande." He describes the surroundings of Hollybrooke, and is struck by the abundant growth of the laurel, the arbutus, the holly, and even the myrtle. And then he adds—

"It is in this house that there lived that Robert Adair, so famous in a number of songs in Scotland and Ireland. I have seen his portrait; he is the ancestor of Lord Molesworth and of Sir Robert Hodson, to whom Holly Bro k belongs. I was told his story as follows. A Scotsman, a master apparently in the art of drinking, having heard of the Bacchic prowess of Robert Adair, came from Scotland expressly to challenge him to a drinking duel. Scarcely had he landed at Dublin when he asked of every one in his own jargon, 'Ken ye one Robin Adair?' and at last he learned who his man was. He called at his house, asked to see him, and explained his purpose. Robert Adair was at dinner: he offered to settle the matter on the spot, but the Scotsman would not accept of his hospitality, and told him that all was ready at the inn [auberge] at Bray."

Thither accordingly they adjourned, and

¹ See "The Agnews of Lochnaw," by Sir Andrew Agnew; and Playfair, "British Family Antiquity," Vol. ix.



LANDING OF WILLIAM I. AT HASTINGS, ACCOMPANIED BY GILBERT NEVILLE, ADMIRAL OF HIS FLEET, AND ANCESTOR OF THE SECOND WIFE OF SIR ROBERT HODSON, THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE PRESENT BARONE?



HOLLYBROOKE HOUSE

at Hollybrooke House

the contest resulted in favour of Robin Adair.

Those days are, happily, passed away. The incident remains as a picture of the

The point of special importance in the French writer's narrative is that in 1796, less than sixty years after the death of Robert Adair of Hollybrooke, he speaks of him as being so famous in song.

As to the authorship of the song, nothing certain is known. In "Notes and Queries," May 14, 1864, a writer, "E. K. J.," whose identity I have been unable to trace, says of "Robin Adair"—

"I have some old notes upon this song, made by the son of one who knew well Robin Adair, to whom it was addressed, and who was himself an intimate acquaintance of Robin's second son, Forster Adair, Esq.. his successor in possession of his residence of Hollybrooke, Co. Wicklow.

"According to these notes the words of this song were the production of Mr. St. Leger, a gentleman of fortune and family, whose résidence, called Puckstown, Co. Dublin, was but a few miles distant from Hollybrooke."

As we have seen above, Sir George Hodson stated that this Mr. St. Leger was the author of the song on the Kilruddery Hunt, in which Johnny Adair (the son of Robin Adair) was celebrated. It does not appear likely that St. Leger was the author of both songs. Yet this is the only statement of a definite character which, after laborious search, we have been able to find

¹ See also "Suggestions for a Collection of Irish Ballads," by Thos. Crofton Croker. MSS., British Museum. as to the authorship, besides the exploded fiction about Lady Caroline Keppel.

There is a popular notion that the song is of Scottish origin. This is perhaps partly due to the fact that Robert Burns wrote some words to the same tune. But that Burns himself knew that the origin of the tune was uncertain, is evident from the correspondence between himself and Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh. Writing to Burns in 1793 Thomson says—

"I shall be glad to see you give 'Robin Adair' a Scottish dress. . . . Robin's air is excellent, though he certainly has an out-of-the-way measure as ever poor Parnassian wight was plagued with."

And Burns, writing to Thomson in the same year, says—

"That crinkum-crankum tune, 'Robin Adair,' has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I have ventured in this morning's walk one essay more.

"By the way, I have met with a musical Highlander, who assures me that he well remembers his mother's singing Gaelic songs to both 'Robin Adair' and 'Gramachree.' They certainly have more of the Scotch than Irish taste in them.

"This man comes from the vicinity of Inverness, so it could not be any intercourse with Ireland that could bring them; except, what I shrewdly suspect to be the case; the wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers, used to go frequently errant through the wilds both of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both."

Burns's first experiment with the tune of "Robin Adair," to which he refers above, was his song entitled "Phillis the Fair." The second was, "Had I a cave on some distant shore." It is interesting to note



WILLIAM HODSON, BISHOP OF ELPHIN

that Thomas Moore also was attracted by the melody, and wrote to it the words—

"Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye."

As to Burns's conjecture that the tune may have been common to both countries, it is not improbable. Yet the balance of evidence appears to show that the tune was of ancient Irish origin, and attached to the words "Eileen Aroon." Then in the beginning of the eighteenth century it was attached to the words of "Robin Adair."

Mr. S. J. Adair Fitzgerald, writing in "Lloyd's" Newspaper, October 20, 1895, says that the music of the ancient Irish melody "Eileen Aroon" was taken down in 1792 by Edward Bunting from the playing of a famous harper, Denis Hempson. "Hempson had made two visits to Scotland, one in 1715, and another in 1745 (when he

¹ Since this article was in type, Mr. Andrew Gibson of Belfast, who is an authority on Burns, and on Scottish and Irish ballad poetry generally, has sent us a quotation from Augener's "Minstrelsy of Ireland," edited by Alfred Mowat. There it is stated: "The earliest printed copy of 'Eileen Aroon' which I have been able to find is in Coffey's Beggar's Wedding, 1729."

played before the Young Pretender), so there is no doubt as to how many of the Irish melodies came to be numbered among the Scottish national airs."

The modern popularity of the song "Robin Adair" in England at least dates from the year 1811. In that year Braham sang it for his benefit in the Lyceum Theatre, on December 17. The song created quite a furore. So far as we have been able to discover, every printed copy of the music of "Robin Adair," with or without words, in the British Museum collection, is dated since that year.

The music appears, however, in a MS. score of music entitled "A Precious Volume of Scottish Gems, by Haydn." As Haydn died in 1808 he was familiar with it before Braham made it popular in England.

The words of "Robin Adair" were translated into Italian and German. These appear in a copy of the song, with variations, as sung by Mdlle. Sontag, with pianoforte accompaniment, published in London in 1828 by Goulding and D'Almaine. The Italian version begins

"Lungida me la Cità Dove Robin non è,"

and the German is-

"Was kümmert mich die Stadt, Robin ist fern."

So far, then, we have put before our readers all the available evidence as to the identity of "Robin Adair," the authorship of the song, and the origin of the music. That Robin Adair was Robin Adair of Hollybrooke, ancestor of the Hodson family, who died in 1737, is tolerably clear. That the music is that of the ancient Irish melody "Eileen Aroon" is also fairly well established. But, unless E. K. J.'s statement above quoted can be more fully verified, the authorship of the song "Robin Adair" must, we fear, remain a mystery.

The present owner of Hollybrooke, Sir Robert Adair Hodson, is, like his revered father, held in high esteem. To him, and to his mother, Lady Hodson, we are indebted for permission to reproduce the portraits and other illustrations.

C. H. I.

A Visit to Travancore

BY SIR GEORGE B. WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

Laving Ootacamund after an early lunch, a pleasant drive of eleven miles landed us at the pretty little railway station of Coonoor in ample time to catch the 4 p.m. train to Mettapalliyam. This bit of line, only quite recently opened for traffic, is the double Abt-rack system of railway from Coonoor to the station of Kullar at the foot of the Ghaut. Thence

Mettapalliyam it is the ordinary metre gauge. The gradient through the Ghaut is 1 in 12 and 1 in 40 thence on to Mettapalliyam, the whole distance being only seventeen miles. The scenery between Coonoor and Mettapallivam is very fine, and quite lovely in parts. More beautiful and far more interesting to my mind going up than coming down; as every mile takes one into a cooler climate, and a temperature more congenial to the European constitution, in spite of the fact that

it increases the distance from home. But then a soldier's home must ever be like the snail's—the shed or hovel that gives him shelter for the time being, whether in the torrid zones of Hindustan or the glacier plains of Thibet.

We arrived in Mettapalliyam in good time to have dinner before the evening train left for Podanur, the junction on the main line between Calicut and Madras. Travelling very comfortably all night along the iron way, we reached Shoranur soon after eleven the next morning, where we were met by the Rajah of Cochin's representative, Mr. Ferguson, Superintendent of Police in Cochin. We breakfasted in the railway refreshment rooms, and started for Trichur soon after midday with Mr. Ferguson, in a carriage sent for us by his Highness; the rest of our party and light

baggage following in conveyances known in these parts as "jutkas." "jutka" is really the same as the ordinary Indian covered-in bullock cart, only drawn by a pony instead of a pair of bullocks. Our heavy baggage had been sent on ahead in bullock tongas, with our native servants, whilst we were having We breakfast. thus travelled for twelve miles. when we found the Rajah's state carriage, a luxurious barouche drawn by a handsome pair of bay walers, which took all five of



GENERAL SIR GEORGE B. WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

took all five of us the remaining eight miles into Trichur.

Here we were received by Captain Quinn, the Assistant Resident of Cochin and Travancore; Mr. Locke, the Chief Justice of Cochin; and Mr. Rajagopalchari, M.A. and B.L., the intelligent and accomplished Diwan, or Prime Minister, of the Cochin State.

We were now in the ancient capital of Cochin, and the guest of his Highness Sir Rama Vurmah, K.C.B., the Rajah of Cochin.



TRICHUR RESIDENCY

This Royal Family claim to be the lineal descendants of Cherman Perumal, who was the ancient ruler of all Malabar and Travancore in the ninth century. The old name of Trichur was Tiru Sivaya Perria Vur, or the great town of the holy Siva. Siva, the Destroyer, is the third person in the Hindoo Trimurti, or Trinity; the others being Brahma, the Creator, and Vishnu, the Preserver. The present capital, where his Highness the Rajah now resides, is Ernacollum, a mile distant from the British town of Cochin.

The Residency of Trichur, of which the accompanying photograph gives one an accurate idea, but does scant justice to its surroundings, is a very superior double-storied bungalow of the old Indian type, with capacious verandahs all round it—a good specimen of the luxuriously appropriate house that I regret to say is rarely ever built now. Indian houses, like every-

thing else in the present day, are being modelled after English fashion. And an English house in the plains of India is just as ridiculous and out of place as "jhilmills" and punkahs would be in a Mayfair drawing-room.

It is quite sad, I think, to observe the difference between the Anglo-Indian at the 212 close of the nineteenth century, and the dear old hospitable Sola-Topy "Quihy" of fifty years ago. The very appropriate primitiveness of life in those good old days, when, if asked to lunch or dine anywhere, your khitmutgar, or table attendant, invariably preceded you, with your knife, fork, spoon and plate, and the inevitable muffineers for salt and pepper, wrapped up in a piece of rough white cloth that subsequently answered for a napkin, and often as not attended by the "chokra," or small boy carrying your camp chair. Now all that is changed; and the

would-be English mode of life, with English manners and costume, in a country like this, which, as far as nature is concerned, is still the same as it was 1000 years ago, with a temperature of over 100°, and a sun that knocks you silly if you dare to sit for five minutes exposed to its scorching rays, is to my mind the very acme of folly. The above reference to "jhilmills" reminds me of an amusing incident that occurred not long ago in Lahore. But I must first explain, for the information of my readers unacquainted with India, that a jhilmill is a door with a series of overlapping slabs of wood, that open and shut at pleasure, somewhat on the principle of our Venetian blinds.

A young lady was apologising to a French lady who was staying in the house, for the non-appearance of her sister at breakfast, owing to her having caught a bad cold. Her father interrupted her by saying—



GHAUT ON LAGOON, TRICHUR

"I am not a bit surprised to hear it, when she will sleep with her 'jhilmills' open."

Whereupon the French lady, evidently thinking papa referred to some article of attire, innocently remarked—

"But I did think that they were always made of flannel in this country."

To return to Cochin, its total area is 1131 square miles; and the population, according to the census taken in 1875, is

598,553 souls, dwelling in 118,196 houses. The state is divided into seven taluqs, or sub-districts, namely, Cochin, Cannanore, Mugundapuram, Trichur, Tellapalli, Chitur, and Cranganore. Its present ruler was born in 1852, and placed upon the "Gudhi," or installed as Rajah, in 1895. Cochin was conquered by Tippu Sultan's father, the great Hyder Ali, in 1776, but was ceded to England 16 years later by Tippu. The British Government at once made it over to the hereditary Rajah. And the present ruler pays to our Government an annual tribute of £20,000. The total



BRIDGE, QUILON CANAL

revenue of the country, according to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was, I find, in 1873-74, £130,851. And the State now has a surplus of £200,000 invested in British securities. And I was much pleased to learn from Mr. Mackenzie, the Resident of Cochin and Travancore, that the present enlightened Rajah has overcome all the difficulties raised against connecting his territory with the railway at Shoranur, by giving his consent to expending this surplus revenue on the work. The present British town of Cochin is a well-built town, about a mile north to south, and the same from

east to west; it has passed through many vicissitudes. Its first European invaders were the Portuguese, from whom it was wrenched by the Dutch in 1663. The ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon captured it from the Dutch in 1796, and in 1806 caused great loss of private property by blowing up its fortifications and all its public offices. It was here that Vasco de Gama died in 1524.

In the afternoon Captain Quinn took us for a drive through the town, when we bought some pretty brass things, and a few specimens of the ear-rings worn by the



QUILON CANAL SCENE

A Visit to Travancore



WOMAN'S EAR-RING, COCHIN

women of these parts. They are quite the size, shape, and thickness of a round pin-box, like this.

In the evening we had a ladies' dinner-party at the Residency,

and I was agreeably surprised to find it so pleasantly cool. I was able to sleep with all the doors and windows of my bedroom open, without a punkah—the inevitable adjunct to all sleeping apartments in the plains of India—almost throughout the whole year.

Soon after seven next morning we drove in his Highness' carriage to the ghaut, or landing-place, where we embarked in house-boats for our journey through the backwaters and canals to Cochin Quilon, and Trevandrum, a continuous waterway of 171 miles. These boats are propelled by 15 men, who row much as Englishmen do, except that instead of having rowlocks, their oars are tied with rope to a wooden pin stuck in the side of the boat where the rowlock should be. This, I fancy, accounted for the strange forward movement of the oarside shoulder and body of the rower.

My boat, which formed the vanguard of the fleet of some six or seven house-boats, was preceded by a couple of "snakeboats," one on either flank, each manned by 29 rowers, who faced in the direction we were going, and dug the water with little shovel oars exactly as the "mangies," or boatmen, do in Kashmir. These are open canoes, and are employed, we were told, only to escort distinguished visitors whom his Highness desires to treat with special honours. All these boatmen sing cheerily during the greater part of the journey; one man usually singing a solo, with a chorus, or refrain, at the end of each verse, in which the whole crew lustily join. The whole procedure brought vividly to my remembrance my very similar reception at Baramoula in Kashmir, two years ago, and our progress up the river Jhelum to Srinagar.

We changed boatmen three times during our row of 47 miles from Trichur to Cochin, and did the journey in exactly 11 hours. It was dark before we reached Bolgotty, which is an island, but the whole jetty and gardens round the house were brilliantly illuminated, and the effect was extremely pretty and unique.

There being, I believe, only one lady residing on this side of the water, our party at dinner was composed entirely of men. I found a Mr. Black, a well-known and most popular merchant of these parts, on my right, and from the pleasant and interesting conversation I had with him during dinner, I readily perceived how unlikely it is that such men should be otherwise than prosperous as well as popular.

The Residency of Bolgotty is a still more charming one than that of Trichur, and being upon an island, the water all round it adds much to its picturesque effect. It is exactly opposite (to the east of) the entrance to the Cochin harbour, where the typeen river flows into the sea. It has extensive pleasure-grounds all round it, and the house itself is an old Dutch one, known by them, I am informed, as the "Punch Kheri," or Punch House, as it is said that it was the "pub," or club, to which the old Dutch from across the water used to resort of an evening to enjoy their cordial "of the five ingredients."

The morning after our arrival at Bolgotty we rowed across the water to Muttancheri, or old Dutch Cochin, where we visited the old Dutch palace, built by the Portuguese about 1550 for the then Rajah of Cochin, and in which all the rajahs up to the present



THE RAJAH OF COCHIN
H.H. SIR RAMA VURMAH, K.C.S.I.

date have been installed. It is noticeable chiefly for the barbaric richness of its carved wood ceilings, and the light, which it is said never ceases to burn in the room in which one of the late rajahs of Cochin expired.

We then visited a Jewish synagogue, in which, as service was being held at the time, we were told to keep on our hats. The building itself possesses little if any architectural interest, but we were shown some interesting relics of by-gone days, notably some engraved copper plates, the writing upon which reads thus in English, according to the paper given to us in the synagogue by a rabbi—"To that God who of His Almighty will and pleasure created the world, I, its King Erawi Wanwara, lift up my hands in adoration, and bestow this grant as from time immemorial over soever

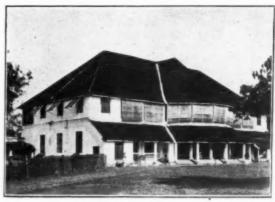
existed, on this 36th year of our reign, at and in the Fort Moidiricatta-Cranganore. And by this I do hereby ordain, and give all manner of honour to Joseph Rabaan, to wear five different colours, to be saluted by firing of guns, to ride on elephants and horses, to be heralded on the roads, to make converts of five nations, to use of lamp by the day, to walk on carpets spread on the ground, to adorn houses, to use palanquins, big umbrellas, kettledrums, trumpets, and small drums. All these privileges I give unto him, and 72 householders, free of groundrent and duty scales, and do appoint him head of all his subjects and their churches, in whatsoever part

of my country they may be established. And all the above-cited privileges are hereby, without any of the least difference or contradiction, freely granted by this copper plate unto the said five-coloured Mr. Joseph Rabaan and his heirs, male and female, bride and bridegroom, to hold and exercise as long as the sun shines on the face of the earth, and his descendants shall exist. And may God grant His blessing to the undermentioned witnesses, the Kings of Travancore, Teekencoor, Buddakencoor, Culli Quilon, Aringoot, Samorin, Paliat Achen, and Colastria.

"Written by the secretary, Colambi Kellapoor, in the year 3481 of the Caliyuga."

We then drove to the present British Cochin, where we visited the Protestant church. It was full of Portuguese mural tablets, all of which are of stone, and noticeable for the elaborate armorial bearings of the deceased engraved thereon. We then saw one of the old Dutch houses at present inhabited by the port officer of Cochin.

We also visited one of the oldest residents in the place, Captain Winckler, an interesting old naval officer, who was until recently Port Officer of Coohin. His collection of old willow pattern crockery, china, and old Dutch furniture is well worth a visit, and his courteous, affable manners added much to the pleasure of our visit. I could find no trace of the old fort at Muttancheri, and to me the most interesting relic in the place was the present lighthouse, which was formerly a flag-staff, erected on the site of the ancient cathedral



QUILON RESIDENCY

of Santa Cruz. This old church was raised to the dignity of a cathedral by Pope Pius

At one o'clock we were rowed to the jetty, near to his Highness' palace, where we found a luxurious barouche and handsome pair of greys awaiting our arrival, and a few minutes' drive brought us to the palace, where we were most graciously received by his Highness Sir Rama Vurmah, K.C.S.I., the present Rajah of Cochin, a middle-aged chief of average height, exceedingly courteous in manner and address, who speaks English fluently. He received me just inside the palace door, and taking my arm, conducted me to a seat on his right, at the head of the Durbar Hall. After a pleasant five or ten minutes' friendly conversation, the usual tray was brought in with garlands and rose-water, when his

A Visit to Travancore

Highness having placed a garland round my neck, and a smaller one over each wrist, sprinkled the flowers with perfume from a silver bottle of very chaste and beautiful design, and similarly favoured each of my staff and Captain Quinn, who accompanied us. His Highness then took my arm again, and accompanied me to the entrance hall, where, in shaking hands with me, he said that if quite agreeable to me he would return my call immediately I got back; and accordingly we had not long landed from our boat when we heard the boatmen's usual shout of acclamation as they reached the Residency jetty, and accompanied by my staff, I received his Highness with the same etiquette that I have above described. And when his Highness signified his desire to leave, I tried to rival the dignified manner of the Eastern potentate in bestowing upon him the prescribed floral offerings, but fear I failed to do so. One thing that struck me forcibly in regard to these ceremonies was, that whereas I merely bowed as his Highness decorated me, his Highness not only bowed most gracefully and courteously as he received the garlands from my hands, but thanked me also quite profusely.

A good game of tennis and an early quiet dinner closed our very enjoyable visit to Ernacollum, the capital of his Highness

the Rajah of Cochin.

We embarked again in our boats a little after 9 p.m., wherein we slept comfortably, whilst being propelled throughout the night in the same musical manner that I have already briefly described. And I am sure that the officers who accompanied me, and I, will long remember the princely hospitality vouchsafed to us throughout our pleasant visit to Ernacollum by Sir Rama Vurmah, the Rajah of Cochin.

The journey from Cochin to Quilon, 84 miles, was not as interesting as that from Trichur to Cochin, and the day was hot. The water also being very low in many parts, we grounded not unfrequently. So it was 5.30 p.m. before we reached Quilon, where we were met by Major Pakenham,

commanding 19th Madras Infantry, and a guard of honour-a very smart, well-turnedout guard. The Residency here is, if anything, more palatial than that at Cochin or Trichur, and is beautifully situated just above the water, which is really the sea, although you cannot actually see the seacoast, a belt of rich tropical plants and trees being between it and the back-water, above which the sloping gardens of the Residency lie. On the belt of intervening vegetation, the Maharajah's palace forms a pleasing object a little before you reach the Residency. The Residency itself struck me as a miniature Government House in Calcutta. The following morning I had an Inspection Parade, after which I visited the wretched shanties or pig-sties called barracks, or lines of the Native Infantry Regiment quartered in this out-of-the-way place. We then drove down to the shore, in hope of getting a mouthful of fresh sea air. But oh, what a delusion and a snare! The first bit of sea-beach we reached was near the rifle range, where we found it blazing hot; and almost every wave that washed up the very steep sandy beach, deposited a dead fish or two beneath our feet, seemingly young pomfrets. hardly filled our lungs with the coveted tonic. But when we turned back to drive along the more northerly part of the beach, my conscience, that was a treat indeed! The whole beach was covered with thin coir matting, upon which were stretched all sorts and conditions of fish, in every stage of dying and drying decomposition. And glad we were to take the first turning to the right to get away from such sea breezes. A delicious cup of coffee and a good breakfast at the hospitable mess of the 19th Madras Infantry set us up, and enabled us to return to our luxurious quarters in the Residency none the worse for our "fishy" drive in search of sea breezes.

In the evening covers were laid for twentysix at dinner, and I had the honour of taking in Mrs. Pakenham, and finding Mrs. Chisholme on my left; so a pleasant evening

closed the day.

(To be continued.)



The Light of Other Days

BY GRETA GILMOUR

AUTHOR OF "RHODA LETHBRIDGE"

E'LL hae the organ gin it shud rot in the kirk.

Not only the words, but the tone and the facial expression of the speaker were significant; they were a challenge to battle. The gauntlet was picked up by M'Crum, an ardent "antiorgan man.'

"Weel," said he, "ye canna dae less nor try; but ye'll no hae ma vote, Robbie, nor

the schulmester's."

He thrust his hands into his pockets with a gesture of defiance, and looked about on the little crowd which, sniffing

battle, was gathering round.

It was a Sunday afternoon early in March. Over the quiet landscape lay a dreamy yellow light—the golden smile of departing day. The wintry fields seemed stirred into new life at its touch, and responded with glows of red-brown and flashes of emerald.

"An' supposin' ye dae vote agin' us, what then?" asked Robbie scornfully.

"Weel, it'll be yen vote the mair, that's a'," returned M'Crum, slightly disconcerted.

"Yen 'll mak' a quare difference conseederin' hoo few there's agin' it, and them a' sillies as oughter be examined by a doctor."

M'Crum's tawny cheek reddened.

"Ye're a leear, Robert Magill, that's what ye be."

"Ay, that's what ye be, Robbie," chimed in a woman's voice.

It was Mrs. Allan who had joined the group. She was an important personage in her own estimation, and held opinions

on every subject under the sun.

"A thank heaven," she continued in pompous tones—"A thank heaven A'm as herty mind and buddy as any one here, not exceptin' yoursel', Robbie Magill, an' as able to speak ma mind too. We'll hae nane o' yer Popery tricks here. We'll worship God as our fathers done lang syne THE PEOPLE HAD ONLY TO LOOK AT ROBELE TO ENOW on the hillsides. They had now kist o' THAT THE INSTRUMENTALISTS HAD WON whistles, but praised Him wid the human voice, as was His divine wull an' intention when He gied it tae our first parents in the Garden of Eden. Ye'll be for settin' the

Virgin Mary up ahint the poopit next," she added with infinite scorn.



"A'm thinkin' oor first parents maun hae hed a different kinder human organ than the likes o' oor percentor. For A

The Light of Other Days

canna believe th' Almighty hes a worse ear than us, His puir creatures, an' A'm convinced He'd sooner hear the music o' a deid instrument than the bellowings o' yon speeritually deid youth as calls himself oor percentor."

The audacity of this speech thrilled the small audience, and all eyes were turned on the speaker. He was an elderly man, with weather-beaten features and twinkling blue eyes. His opinion, daring as it was, was valued as emanating from an elder.

"A'm no sayin' McMeekin sings weel," retorted Mrs. Allan; "but at least his singin' is no a breaking o' the law."

"Ye dinna ken yer Bible as ye shud," cried Robbie, exasperated, "gin ye talk o' breakin' the law by usin' instruments in God's praise. Didna David praise Him on the harp and stringed instrument?"

"Ay, but there's no word o' organs or harmoniums or sich like in the Bible."

This was too much for Robbie. He turned away in contemptuous silence, amid the subdued merriment of his fellows. Walking soberly, with head bowed in thought, he almost ran into the minister, who was returning from the Sabbath school.

"Well, Robbie," was his greeting,

"what's the trouble?"

"It's them fauks wid their bletherings about the organ. I canna thole their nonsense," and he retailed his recent altercation.

The minister laughed quietly with unmistakable relish, but Robbie groaned. He was too desperately in earnest to see the humorous aspect of a subject which

was as life and death to him.

That evening the vote was taken with the collection. All who were opposed to the introduction of instrumental aid in the church service were to put their names in the plate. Robbie frightened several of the more timid "Purists" by the terribly conspicuous height at which he held the plate, and by the prolonged stare with which he favoured them, into dropping their names on the floor instead of into the plate.

After the service the elders were closeted with the minister. When they emerged from the session-room, the people had only to look at Robbie to know that the Instru-

mentalists had won the day.

Five days later the organ was in the church, surrounded by Purists and Instru-

mentalists alike, all eager with curiosity. Robbie was there, of course, exultantly triumphant beneath a thin mask of outward indifference; also the schoolmaster, looking sour enough, but stifling his "Purity" scruples with the pride he felt in the fact that his daughter was to occupy the exalted position of organist. This was the bait with which the Instrumentalists coaxed him into reluctant acquiescence, the cost of which device they had yet to pay. On Sunday the church was filled with expectant faces, amongst whom, to his secret amusement, the minister recognised ten out of the fourteen "Purists.

The organist for the inaugural service was a friend of his daughter, and a trained musician. Her playing transported the Instrumentalists into raptures of appreciation and conscious superiority over their less enlightened brethren, charmed the wavering, and swept away the prejudices of the Purists. All through the service Robbie's head was wagging gently with a triumph which could not be concealed, and also with genuine enjoyment of the music. Poor Robbie! what a valley of humiliation lay, all unknown, before him.

Afterwards the minister accosted him with amusement lurking in his eyes.

"Well, Robbie, that's a gem of an organ,

With true Scotch reserve Robbie replied in two short monosyllables—

"It'll dae."

But what endless satisfaction was contained in those two small words, more convincing and expressive than much extravagant eulogy. And his bearing was that of a conqueror.

On the following Sunday how different his mien: the schoolmaster's daughter played. It was hard to believe she handled the same instrument. Down the aisles droned monotonous sounds unrelieved by light or shade, unvaried by change of stops—like the drone of some old harmonium.

Robbie bowed his head in shame, painfully conscious of the sidelong glances and sneering smiles of the "Purists," who were suddenly reconverted into enemies of his organ. Afterwards he lay in wait for the minister.

"It'll never dae," he groaned. "She canna play ava. We'll be made the laughing-stock o' the whole country-side."

"And what's to be done, Robbie? I

know of no one who can play; besides, we can't very well set aside Martha Craig, except for a professional, and that we can hardly afford," replied the minister gloomily. But the contrast between the limp figure now before him and the exultant hero of the previous Sunday brought a gleam of amusement to his eye.

"There's Miss Ruth," suggested Robbie, venturing on dangerous ground; but he was

in desperation.

"My daughter. Ah," exclaimed the minister, a certain hardness stealing involuntarily into his voice—"she does not play."

Robbie had no more to say; he turned to go. His hand was on the door, when he wheeled round suddenly, and said—

"A'll no rest till yon organ is played richt. A'll no hae it made a laughin'-stock o'."

The remark was characteristic, and the minister smiled. He knew Robbie would be as good as his word, but how he would achieve his end puzzled and interested him.

He stood alone in the dim little sessionroom, before the ivy-framed window looking across the bleak landscape to the hills crested with a long line of firs. The fantastic outlines of the trees showed darkly against a clear sky: drifting clouds shed ever-changing shadows across the sunlit hill-slopes; from cottage chimneys wound columns of blue smoke, and over the land lay a sabbath hush. But the minister saw none of this. Now, as in all quiet unoccupied moments, his eyes were blinded to externals by the vision of a yellow head "on which the sun is ever shining." Nineteen years ago he had been hurled from the mountain heights of joy into the dark chill valley of bereavement, but it was still permitted him to see those far-off heights touched with unfading glory In the long lonely years this had been his only solace-the memory of what had been, and the hope of what was

The gift his young wife had given him in dying was for him a bitter legacy, reminding him ever of the saddest moment in his life. He could never see the child without the painful thought, that it was there instead of her who had been his life's joy. Therefore, when his wife's sister offered to take the child, he consented willingly. That was eighteen years ago, and the child, now a young girl, was at home in the old manse.

As he entered the house this Sunday afternoon a sweet voice floated down the

long dark hall and reached his ear. It was Gounod's setting of Bach's beautiful fugue the girl was singing. The notes were limpid enough to please the finest ear, but a frown gathered on the minister's brow.

"Ruth," he called.

A vision of dainty maidenhood emerged from the gloom.

"Yes, father," she answered somewhat

imidly.

"I must request you not to sing about the house; I have a strong objection to it. You can always run down to the church when you want to do so."

She coloured slightly, and did not reply. When one is young, full-blooded, and over-flowing with melody, it is the hardest thing in life to bar the lips against the bubbling song surging to break forth into utterance.

"Jane," she said, turning to a grey-headed servant, "do not wait dinner for me. I

am going down to the church."

Her father heard the order as he closed his study door, and congratulated himself on his solitary meal.

Meanwhile the girl fled up to her room to relieve her pent-up feelings in a burst of

"He does not understand nor care," she sobbed. "Oh! why was I ever born? I have only brought him sorrow."

She stood at the narrow window set in the deep stone walls, and looked down the valley to the ancient graveyard of Moygara, where the great Irish yews kept guard over her mother's grave.

"Mother, if it had only been I instead

of you!"

Then came a lull in her grief. Dreamily she watched the shadows flitting over the landscape, and the changing aspects of the sky. A knock at her door aroused her. In consternation she plunged her face into cold water, and began vigorously to dry it. During this operation she called, "Come in."

The door opened and Jane entered, bearing a tray. The elaborate proceeding her young mistress was engaged in did not deceive the experienced eye of the old servant. She set down the tray on a side table, and after fussing unnecessarily about it said—

"Miss Ruth, dear, gin A wur ye A'd practise a heap on yon new organ."

"I don't think, Jane, 'tis much use my doing anything, since nothing pleases. I wish I had never left auntie's, for my presence is only a burden to my father."

The Light of Other Days

"Bide a wee, my dearie, bide a wee. His mind is still that full o' the memory o' her; but gin yince he cud see hoo like ye air tae her! I never seen onything mair like her than ye when ye come oot inter the hall juist noo. It's ower a' hoo he missed the likeness. Ay, but she wus a bonnie lady; and to hear her play—ah! it wus graund."

"Ah!" and the girl caught her breath; then with a sudden smile she said naively,

"And am I bonnie, Jane?"

These unexpected gleams of humour in the darkest hours puzzled the old woman, whose nature had no Celtic strain in its composition. She looked hard at her young mistress, but could detect no trace of vanity in the sweet face.

"Ye're juist the image o' her," she said

simply.

"Then why can't he see it?" she asked passionately, the tears starting to her eyes.

"A dinna ken; but A believe he sees naething but her image who is gone."
"Did my mother sing. Jane ?"

"Did my mother sing, Jane?"
"No, dearie, not as A hird tell o'."

There was a pause; then the old woman made the girl sit down and partake of the

meal she had prepared for her.

When Ruth had finished, she put on her hat and jacket and went down to the church. She had often played the pipe organ in the church her aunt attended, and, unknown to her father, was a truer musician than ever his dead wife had been.

The great gaunt church was filled with evening sunshine when she entered it, and its white walls shone like jasper with reflected light. She opened the little instrument caressingly, adjusted the stops, and struck the white keys. Instantly the church was as full of music as of sunshine. She played on and on, influenced by the mystical silence of the empty church, and the soft lights of sunset falling through the clear window-panes.

When she ceased, tired with her exertions, she suddenly became conscious of a presence in the church. She rose and scanned the pews. A tall, elderly man stood with folded arms at the far end of the building. When he saw her evident alarm he approached with rapid strides.

"Ye maun excuse the leeberty, Miss Ruth, but A cudna help creepin' in when A

hird the organ.'

"Oh, it's all right," she returned, smiling.
"I was only surprised to find any one listening when I thought the church was 220

empty. You are one of my father's elders, are you not?"

"Ay, A'm M'Clay."

"You see, I have been away so many years I know no one."

"Ye're the image o' yer puir mother," he exclaimed irrelevantly, as the remarkable likeness struck him suddenly and forcibly.

The girl's fair cheek flushed and her lips

trembled.

"My father does not see it."

A tender expression stole over the elder's rough, weather-beaten features. He had gone through the same fiery ordeal as the minister, but he had come forth purged from all bitterness and hardness. In his lonely hillside farm there was no bright-haired lassie making sunshine in the dim old kitchen, no girlish voice echoing amongst the smoky rafters. At the thought his heart rose in judgment against the minister.

"It'll be a bit lonesome up at the manse,

he said gently.

She could not answer for the tears in

With that rare natural instinct given to so few, he divined how best to cover her confusion without appearing to have noticed it.

"Gin A micht mak' sae free as tae ask ye to let me hear the twenty-third Psalm;

it's a favoureete o' mine."

He had found the place in the psalter, and the tune "Palestrina."

"Shall I sing?" said Ruth.
"Ay, that'll be graund."

He moved away down the darkening aisles, and listened with a full heart to the sweet young voice.

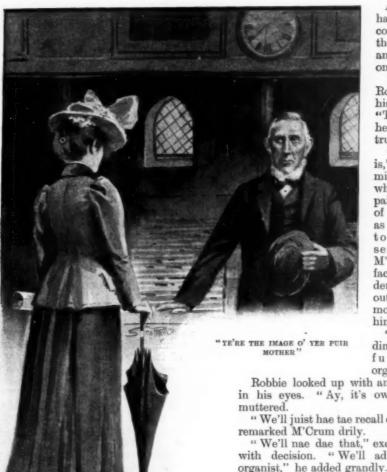
"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name sake.
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear——"

Here the music ceased, and the girl's head went down on the organ. Presently she rose, ashamed of her weakness, but the church was empty. In the vestibule she could hear the sexton preparing for the evening service.

She stole out into the March twilight. Behind the ridge of firs were lingering



gleams of red and gold, but from the eastward came rolling silently the dark night clouds.

The little session-room was full to overflowing with uncouth legs and arms, ill accustomed to be crammed into a smaller space than the open fields and hillsides. One or two there were who, being mechanics, were less unwieldy than their agricultural brethren; of these was Robbie Magill. He sat nearest the minister, and his face presented such a spectacle of woe that no one ventured to address him.

A solemn silence had fallen on the committee, when the door opened, and M'Clay stood on the threshold.

The sight of Robbie's face set his eyes a-twinkle. "They say Martha hes resigned; is it true?'

"I am afraid it is," replied the minister, some-what tartly. The painful absurdity of their position as a congregation touched him seriously, and M'Clay's benign face, with its hidden mirth leaking out at eyes and mouth, irritated him.

"What's tae be din? Hae ye fun' another organist?"

Robbie looked up with an angry glance in his eyes. "Ay, it's ower likely," he

"We'll juist hae tae recall oor percentor,"

"We'll nae dae that," exclaimed Robbie with decision. "We'll advertise for an

The minister smiled. "At ten pounds a year, Robbie, and in an out-of-the-way parish seven miles from anywhere."

"We'll hae wee Minnie Carruth to lead the church praise," suggested M'Crum.

"Hoots, man! a woman!" exclaimed some one.

"Ay, an' why not? Juist as weel as tae play the organ," retorted M'Crum.

"An' the organ—what's tae become o' it, standin' like a dumby in the corner?" asked Robbie bitterly.

A painful pause ensued, then M'Clay said with unction-

"A hae fun' an organist that'll dae." Being an assembly of men, and men of Scotch extraction moreover, it took some little time for this astonishing statement to penetrate to their brains.

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The Light of Other Days

"You have found an organist?" exclaimed the minister, scanning his elder with sceptical eyes. "And whom, might I ask?"

"It'll nae dae tae tell; but gin ye'll a' gang inter the kirk an' sit far back, ye'll hear yon organ sound as ye never hird it yet."

In wondering silence the committee rose

and entered the dark church.

"We'll want a licht," said Robbie, turning briskly towards the lamp, but M'Clay intercepted him.

"Ye'll want nae licht," he said quietly.

"Ye're no feared, A presume."

Robbie stared at him, amazed at his levity. "But the organist?" he gasped.

"The organist 'll want nae licht," returned M'Clay; "at least no' yet a wee."

Mystified and bewildered, Robbie followed

the others.

Presently footsteps were heard on the flagged floor, and a woman's figure appeared on the threshold silhouetted against the lamplight. More than that the eager eyes at the far end of the church could not discern. But soon Robbie's heart was filled with the surging tides of returning hope and exultation. Down the dark aisles came whispering flute-like notes, exquisitely pure, with a far-away quaver underlying them; then fuller harmonies swelling into resounding thunders which filled the church.

At first the minister had been sceptical, suspecting this unknown organist would prove another farmer's lassie with the usual limited repertoire of show pieces. But the masterly manipulation of the instrument soon dispelled this fear, and presently the music laid him under a spell. He lived over intensely the sublimest moments of his life. In a dreamy way the setting of those moments was present too—summer skies and waving harvests, the scent of roses drooping on a girl's bosom, and the voice of song birds in the

trees—but the joy of her presence, the sunshine on her hair, the glance of her blue eyes, were as intensely real as when his bride had stood in the flesh before him.

The long intervening years were swept away. There at the organ sat his love, the lamplight streaming full on her bright head. Unobserved by him, a tall spare figure stole back into the dark session-room, whence it had come bearing the lamp which was now turning the girl's hair to gold.

The music died into silence. The young musician turned slowly on her stool and looked down the aisles; but there was only one figure in the church, and that her father. Leaning back in the pew, his head on his hand, he still lived in far-off days.

She turned again lingeringly to the instrument; her fingers were touching the keys softly, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a trembling voice said, "Lucy, Lucy, my child."

To be called by her mother's name seemed no stranger than to find herself in those arms which had been closed to her

since her birth.

When they emerged into the little session-room, which after all had been robbed of its light, they did not notice the solitary figure crouching beside the dying embers. As the outer door clicked to behind the minister and his daughter the farmer rose.

"Twas the lamp done it," he muttered, stroking his rough chin with a gesture of satisfaction. "It's ower a' hoo he never noticed naething, but juist sat there entranced like——"Then his voice broke, and something like a sob sounded through the room. He took up his hat and left the church, winding his way through the darkness to the lonely farmstead on the hillside, where no bright head shone under the lamplight, nor was there the sound of a woman's voice.



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Weather Forecasting and its Critics

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

DERHAPS it may be found convenient to premise that the following article is in no sense a scientific treatise. It has been the author's object to refrain from inflicting a single figure or formula upon his readers, much less the elaborate tables of them which any scientific treatment of the subject would imperatively demand. Neither does this paper commit the impertinence of presuming to pose as an apology. None is needed or intended. It is briefly an attempt to inform the general reader, in the broadest and most popular way and from a colloquial standpoint, of what is being done in order that his morning paper may present him with an outline of probable weather for the coming day, and incidentally to bring forward such additional facts as may serve to show, in some measure, what a valuable work is going on in other less popular but more useful departments of weather lore. Also, as a consequence, the value of current criticism and irresponsible weather predictions.

It may be accepted as an indisputable truism, that of all the sciences existing in the world to-day, there are none that can boast so many amateurs as that of Meteorology. We may not deny that there be scoffers, who should know better, who will assert that Meteorology is not a science at all. But without recourse to hard words, with all due deference to these scornful ones and tenderness for their opinions, it must be firmly stated for the benefit of weaker brethren, that not only is it a science, but that it is withal one of the furthest reaching and most deeply involved with others that is known. It is a science of such amazing difficulties, that although it can justly lay claim to a precedence in antiquity over all others, it cannot even yet aspire to an assured position among the exact sciences, and having in mind all the circumstances, it may be regarded as extremely

doubtful whether it ever will.

Returning, however, to the subject of our first sentence, the number of amateurs of Meteorology that abound. Almost every person above the age of childhood in the world is an observer of weather phenomena. Of necessity, because no feature of our

environment comes home so directly to our business and our bosoms as the variations in the state of the air we breathe, the observation, classification, and analysis of which constitutes Meteorology roughly speaking. It may possibly be objected that in some regions of the earth where for months at a time the same blue dome overhead presents its vacant vastness with never a cloud to the weary gaze, where night follows day, and day night, with scarcely a change in the atmospheric conditions perceptible to the ordinary man, the previous remark does not hold. nevertheless be found that so far from that being the case, it is precisely in those regions that man has learned, as nowhere else, to observe accurately and record carefully such minute changes as would pass unnoticed in a more temperate clime from their very frequency. Books of travel abound with instances of savage foresight dependent upon the closest acquaintance with, and observation of, such trifling alterations of prevalent atmospheric phenomena as would certainly be non-existent to the majority of And in those vast areas, where the mighty air-ocean is almost always in a state of apparently perfect calm, patient unknown observers have, by their faithful record of tiny differences between its pressure upon the mercurial column of the barometer at different times of the twenty-four hours, made it possible to construct a tidal theory for the atmosphere as reliable and based upon facts as certain as that for the sea.

But we are getting along too fast. Weather observing has been a favourite occupation from the earliest days as well for a pastime as from necessity, as in the case of husbandmen, shepherds, and seamen. To quote from a book happily accessible to all—how apposite is the ancient writer's allusion to the mist arising from the ground to water the whole garden of Eden. Ages have passed since that dimperiod, but differing schools still disagree as to the origin of those gleaming globules beloved of poets—whether celestial, terrestrial, or a coalescence of both. Again, could anything in language be more sublime than the references to the weather in

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the book of Job, observations, it may be added, as trustworthy and exact as any scientific declaration of to-day stated in terms of poetry. The reference in Luke xii. 54 shows conclusively how common a practice forecasting the weather was in Judea among the people, although they seem to have been more successful in their prognostications than those who practise as empirically among us are to-day. Probably the ancient monarchs had their official Meteorologists, unless, as is most likely, the study of the weather was sandwiched between more sacred functions as astrologers and soothsayers. If so, it was a good thing for the latter that those regions rejoiced in such settled weather that they could keep a forecast in type, as it were, for months at a stretch without fear of failure. Otherwise, human nature being unchanged, the place of official weather prophet would have been but a temporary post by reason of the frequent and sudden demise of its holders. To hear some people talk in these days, one would think they craved a forecaster for breakfast whenever the guarded language of the Daily Weather Report, suggesting a probability of fine weather, has been followed by an undeniable succession of heavy showers. And in those good (?) old times of greater freedom and less responsibility for rulers the prophet, weatherwise or otherwise, whose final snip failed to come off as per invoice, usually came off himself with punctuality and dispatch.

All these meteorological observations of olden days, however, were unsystematic and vague in the extreme. It may be, of course, although it is unlikely, that some discoverer will unearth a barometer invented by an Egyptian or Assyrian Torricelli, thermometers and anemometers as well as Nilometers. But that event has not yet happened, and until it does we are entitled to assume that records of weather phenomena up till a comparatively recent date in the world's history were, as regards scientific value, non-existent; consisting merely of occasional jottings of such weather happenings as appealed directly to the senses in the most broad and casual manner. The majority of people had to trust to memory (as indeed they do now, but without the same excuse) for their meteorological data, but it must be counted unto them for righteousness that they did not continually rail at such weather

prophets as were extant, probably from a fellow-feeling.

The invention of the barometer marked the commencement of a new era for Meteorology. By means of this simple instrument, if you possess one, you cannot tell whether it will rain to-morrow or not, but you can know whether the pressure of the atmosphere over the spot where it hangs is increasing, decreasing, or stationary. Those business-like opticians who made and sold so many thousands of the old banjo-barometers, into which paterfamilias peers owl-wise as he struggles with his gloves in the hall just before leaving home for the day's business, have a huge mass of deception to answer for at the great assize. For, apart from the fact that the best stationary barometer possesses no prescience with regard to coming weather when consulted singly, this particular kind of barometer is an unreliable and discredited instrument for any purpose which it is supposed to subserve. As an occasional toy for the children, or when in a nicely-carved case an ornament for the hall, it is passable enough, but as a means of criticising the "Daily Weather Report" it can easily be improved upon. This cult of the "weather glass," however, goeth not out by even a multitude of marshalled facts, and it is tolerably certain that generations yet unborn will buy barometer-banjoes, and by their ignis fatuus light continue to blaspheme the scientific labours of the Meteorological Department.

The most that a would-be observer can hope to do in the improbable event of his possessing a reliable and verified mercurial instrument, is to carefully note the height of the mercury at certain hours, 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. preferably, with the temperature by the thermometer invariably attached, and accurately tabulate them in case they may prove useful to some scientific student by and by. For it cannot be too widely known that any reliable forecast of the weather must be based principally upon the knowledge of atmospheric movements over large areas, which knowledge can only be obtained by many simultaneous observations of barometer readings accurately taken from widely separated instruments and communicated by telegraph to one common centre. If we can imagine a large sheet of water in which there are a number of vortices, similar to that made in a tumbler of liquid by stirring with a spoon, but of varying depths and areas, we shall have a fair idea

of the condition of the air-ocean at the bottom of which we live. But these vortices are not stationary. They are all in motion laterally as well as vertically, their rates of progress differing greatly. Speaking broadly, the deeper the vortex the more rapid will be its gyratory rate, and the stronger the resultant gale that blows around it, although unforeseen circumstances continually arise to divert, accelerate, or retard its lateral progress. Beneath the deepest part of these depressions, as they are technically termed by meteorologists, there is a calm area of small size, but immediately contiguous to it the wind is most violent, blowing round the depression in a left-handed direction and decreasing in strength towards the outer verge. Between these vortices, when they are not widely separated, the weather is of that kind emphatically denominated by landsmen and seamen alike as "dirty."

On the other hand, returning to our simile we find it soon fails us, for while we can easily imagine a series of whirlpools of varying dimensions and rates of progress in our watery plain, we can hardly conceive of large areas of irregular shape wherein the surface is raised above the level after the manner of flattened bubbles. the atmosphere there often occur what are technically known as "anti-cyclones," or immense spaces wherein the barometer reads equally, but much higher than the Now these areas are exceedingly sluggish when in motion, and often quite stationary for days together. They are marked by quiet, fine weather, and also, owing to the stagnation of the atmosphere, by much fog or mist in low-lying regions. But apart from these features they act as buffers or hindrances to the progress of the depressions, so that these vivacious disturbances colliding with them are often diverted, cannoning off them as it were and taking new directions, not seldom with the force of their attendant winds greatly increased. Thence it will be sometimes found that a comparatively harmless depression of shallow depth and large area reaching our shores at an ambling pace, meets in its mild career with the stolid barrier of an anti-cyclone. As if enraged beyond measure by the obstacle, the new-comer deepens tremendously, suddenly developing into a devastating tempest, ravaging our coasts in an entirely new direction, and filling the minds of the public with resentment against the Official Forecasters who did not warn

them of the approach of so terrible a visitant. Yet in the nature of the case it was impossible to foresee either the force or the direction which would be developed by the impact of the depression and the anticyclone, to say nothing of the probability of it all happening within a few hours after the issue of the forecast.

From the foregoing it is to be hoped that the reader will perceive how indispensable it is, in order to predict the approach of an atmospheric disturbance "likely to develop dangerous energy," that a central station should be established, into which should pour as speedily as may be, and from as many widely separated stations as possible, simultaneous observations of weather components. As these arrive they are plotted on charts embracing the British Islands and a goodly part of Europe. Then curves of equal atmospheric pressure and temperature (Isobars and Isotherms) are drawn for every tenth of an inch of the barometer, and ten degrees of the thermometer. When finished these curves exhibit in plan some such picture as I have endeavoured to describe on a previous page. Of course all the other weather phenomena obtaining at the time are also shown on the chart by means of well-understood symbols.

Upon this collection of facts, aided by long experience and a thorough acquaintance with such laws of weather phenomena as have been established, the forecaster bases his prophecy for the coming day. And if no hidden complications arise, such as the sudden appearance of a rapidly travelling depression from the unknown area of the Atlantic, his vaticination is reasonably certain to be correct in all its major features. Local variations will in many cases arise, due to the peculiar situation of certain neighbourhoods, etc., but taking the various districts for which forecasts are issued in a broad and general sense, the prediction will come off.

It will therefore, I trust, be seen that in this highly-systematised proceeding, guesswork holds no place whatever. And it will also be admitted, possibly without question, that in the majority of cases where the success of the forecast has been absolute, such vindication of the system in use passes unnoticed. But when, from any kindred cause to those already indicated, a storm does arrive unheralded, and by its farreaching fury compels the attention of every one, a rank crop of cheap criticism

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springs up based upon lack of knowledge, which the most elementary acquaintance with the subject would show to be both stupid and unfair. On the other hand, the empiric in Meteorology whose knowledge of the current conditions of weather is confined to his own immediate vicinity, discards method and system at once. Boldly plunging like the sporting tipsters who offer to sell a "dead cert." 100 to 1 chance for 6d., he issues his prophecy, bristling with details and contemptuously disavowing ambiguity or probabilities. The official limit of twentyfour hours he scornfully rejects, casting his inspired vision into the future as far as a whole year. There is one element which bulks largely in his calculations, howeverthe public facility of forgetting. Upon that rests his only hope of fame, when, as inevitably happens sooner or later, there is a coincidence of the weather conditions with one of his guesses. No pains are then spared to publish the marvellous fulfilment of his prediction (?), while there is little danger of his innumerable failures being brought up to confront him. And often, when some curious inquirer ventures to point out such a discrepancy as a highest possible register of sunshine on a day when the quack weather-prophet has foretold heavy rain and furious gale, he will be found equal to pointing out by the aid of the Daily Weather Report that at some place a hundred miles away there were a few passing showers. This will be considered a triumphant proof of his foresight.

The United States, that go-ahead country, possesses the most extensive and highlyorganised meteorological service in the world. Of course every civilised nation has its Weather Department, but none remotely approach in costliness or perfection of detail that of the Americans, who, while utilising their military officials of the Signal Service Corps, yet manage to spend close upon £25,000 per annum as compared with the £15,000 or £16,000 expended by this country. And in the vast area of the United States, where every variety of climate known to man may be experienced, there is ample room and verge enough for the experiments of those eager professors who are incessantly labouring to discover the laws which govern the mutations of the weather. Even there, as with us, the funny men of the comic papers find a neverfailing source of japerie in the prognostications of the Weather Bureau. And with

far less apparent reason, for it must be remembered that the Central Office at Washington has to the westward of it (whence the great majority of aërial disturbances arrive) a vast continent almost equal in area to the Atlantic, which is dotted all over with meteorological stations. On mountain peak and level prairie, sultry shore of Texas, or ice-bound plateaux of Alaska, the observations are recorded with ceaseless regularity and simultaneously flashed to head-quarters. Thus the birth, life, and death of a storm may be traced on successive days' charts, making the study of the weather by their aid a most fascinating and instructive pursuit. We, on the other hand, are bounded on the west by the irresponsive Atlantic, whence no warning whisper is heard until after the event, and the victims of the tempest creep crippled into harbour hardly escaping with life. Thus it follows that of all our stations, Valencia, on the westernmost shore of Ireland, is by far the most important, since it generally receives the first intimation of the oncoming storm.

Several years ago the Meteorological Council of Great Britain, aided by the hearty co-operation of many hundreds of mariners, collected synchronous observations of all the chief weather phenomena over the whole of the North Atlantic for every day of thirteen months. The time chosen was eight minutes after noon mean time at Greenwich, and the observations were plotted upon charts somewhat in the same fashion as is followed in the production of the Daily Weather Report, but with greater care and more elaboration, since there was no hurry. Reduced fac-similes of these charts have been published, which after a brief acquaintance present to the student a veritable instantaneous photograph of the atmospheric conditions prevailing each day over the whole of the North Atlantic during the given period, from Greenland's icy mountains to the verge of the South-East Trades. And they demonstrate emphatically the difficulty investing any observer, no matter how great his qualifications, or how complete the network of stations supplying him with information, who in these islands ventures to offer a confident prediction of coming weather during the next day.

It may then be safely asserted that, judged by whatever standard, a great and gratifying degree of success in the face of

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mountainous difficulties has been achieved in weather forecasting by the Meteorological Office, the proportion of successes to failures being over 80 per cent. And it is hardly too much to say that any one who professes to predict the state of the weather at any given time without such information as is only possible for the officials to obtain, thereby vitiates his reputation for veracity, or writes himself

down a—Dogberry.

But what about farmers and sailors? it may be asked. Do they not accurately foretell weather from long study of the face of the heavens? Sometimes; and when they do, all their public are reminded of the fact. Of their numerous failures but few are remembered. Their methods are all well known to meteorologists, and where justified by experience are used in forecasting with the great additional advantage which an accurate knowledge of the conditions prevailing over wide areas must necessarily give. Far more reliable than all the weather wisdom of sailor or shepherd are the warnings given by a well-matured corn, a business-like rheumatism, or an old wound. There are also numerous people to be met with in every-day life like the captain of the Valdemar, of whom it is said-

In every fibre of his frame, He felt the storm before it came.

They are so highly strung, that changes in the atmospheric equilibrium are felt by them long before the mercurial column indicates any alteration in the pressure of the air. What affects their sensitive organisations is most probably electricity, since it will be found that such persons are always most profoundly stirred by the approach of a thunderstorm. They may say in almost the language of the Witches,

> By the pricking of my thumbs Storm electric this way comes.

But unfortunately the tingling sensations at their extremities are often followed by physical prostration, sometimes of an

alarming kind.

Now if such people were able to tabulate their symptoms in terms of mathematics, we should doubtless ere long be in possession of some excellent aids to forecasting, always supposing that the supply of neuropaths did not run short. Joking apart, it does seem probable that in the near future some genius may invent an instrument akin to the seismograph, that delicate recorder of earth tremors which is able to announce in the Isle of Wight the occurrence of an earthquake in Japan while it is still in progress. Supposing such an instrument capable of noting and automatically recording those mysterious magnetic or electric disturbances of the æther which are doubtless at the bottom of all weather changes, there is some reason to believe that within certain limits the power of accurate prediction would be largely in-Not that it is likely that the almanac-makers will ever be able to procure an official list of the various kinds of weather awaiting us every day of each month for a year in advance. That will still be the province of the irresponsible

weather prophet.

The benefits which an intelligent study of Meteorology allied to patient tabulation and discussion of data has conferred upon mankind is, however, immeasurably greater than the mere knowledge of coming weather could ever be. For it may well be asked in these days of fierce competition, how many vessels would remain in port, delaying their sailing because their masters knew of a surety that on the next day or two a heavy gale would blow? Or how many travellers would put off their journeys for a like reason? Certainly very few. On the other hand, the world is now in possession of carefully verified data from an immense number of stations scattered all over the face of the globe, by means of which the climatic conditions of such places and their consequent capabilities from many points of view may be readily ascertained. Over the wide ocean too, on board of multitudes of ships regular observations of the weather are being continually recorded, and a vast quantity of them have been accumulated, by the aid of which magnificent weather-charts for all oceans have been constructed. But the steady elimination of sailing vessels from the fleets of the world is rapidly rendering the sailor indifferent to wind and weather directions, such as were formerly of intense interest to him. Nevertheless, the work of marine observers by no means lessens in value as time goes on, and the labours of meteorological students near their fruition. It is to be feared though that steam, having its regular routes across the ocean almost as rigidly adhered to as a railway line, will

Weather Forecasting and its Critics

form a formidable obstacle to the completion of those vacant spaces on the weathercharts of the world where meteorological observations are not. They will probably never be filled up now. The same must be said of vast tracts in the Polar regions, especially in the Antarctic, where limitless seas rage round the world unruffled by any busy keel. While this is the case the meteorological data for the globe must be incomplete, though it is probable that the vast mass of material now available is amply sufficient, with perhaps the single exception of the Antarctic, for the working out of any weather problem. Eager students are striving everywhere to discover the great laws along which atmospheric phenomena proceed, and although no meteorological Kepler or Newton has yet arisen, it may confidently be expected that in no long time some earnest worker will do for Meteorology what those giants did for their respective sciences. It should ever be remembered though, as a safeguard against hasty criticism and impatience of the delay in meteorological discoveries, that we live at the bottom of an ocean of air, to which the watery world is but a stagnant puddle. Yet that ocean to whose surface we have the freest access, how little do we know of

its currents as distinguished from the diurnal flux and reflux of the tides. Except in the case of such steady movements as the Gulf Stream, the Agulhas current, the Kuro Siwo, and the Equatorial currents, scarcely anything.

But the surface of the atmospheric ocean, mobile as it is throughout its entire depths, is utterly beyond our reach, for physical reasons which readers of balloon experiments will remember with a sympathetic shudder. The exploits of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher in the cause of Meteorology present a picture of heroic endurance and devotion to science hardly to be surpassed, yet their seven miles of vertical ascent was but a trifling trip into the vast aërial depths encompassing us.

Enough has probably been said to show that we have really no reason to be dissatisfied with our meteorologists even with present-day results. Still less have we cause to trust those who, equipped only with effrontery, endeavour to startle us with their wild guesswork, claiming a prescience which a moment's examination would prove to be absurd, and endeavouring to hide their unfitness for their self-chosen rôle by cheap jeers at scientific work which they do not understand.



Circumstances alter Cases



1. First Merchant.—"Thah—that's not my bag—some one has taken my bag in mistake, and it had £3000 worth of diamonds in it. What shall I do?"



2. Second Merchant.—"There, there! don't get excited about it. It will turn up all right—no use worrying."



3. First Merchant.—"But your black pearl was in that bag!"



4. Second Merchant.—"What! My black pearl! Run at once! Telegraph! Do something! What are you waiting for? Run!"

Harry Jones and Open Spaces

"The light he leaves behind him lies Upon the paths of men."—Longfellow.

ONDON is far richer through the life of one who has just passed away than many Londoners realise. Prebendary Harry Jones, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, was a man of such varied interests and such powerful personal influence that he leaves behind him countless humble mourners in the city and the country, as well as among the intellectual and wealthy of the earth. And yet, by reason of the age he had attained, he must have lost many of those who were his companions in the more active years of his life.

Harry Jones, as he liked simply to be called, sat loose to certain points of doctrine or ritual closely cherished by his brother clergy; and among the numerous men who served under him as curates some have o'erleapt their master and become noted for more or less latitudinarian eccentricity; but he himself was sound in heart and mind and practice, and in connection with social, sanitary, and municipal questions he was eminently wise and successful. "That which is good," he wrote, "is of God, though it be but the sweetening of a drain; and that which is anywise right has its inevitable relation to the Lord of Righteousness." This was his creed; while his "Christian tie" was "the desire to do the will of God." Such men are sorely missed.

It is not, however, with regard to his social activity or his parochial life that I wish to say something about Harry Jones. These, no doubt, will be dealt with by his friends and colleagues; while he has left behind him an unusually large number of books and papers relating his own experiences and describing his own work. It is solely upon his connection with the movement for providing open spaces that I venture to dwell—a connection so valuable that it should not be forgotten.

During the years 1874 and 1875, while rector of St. George's-in-the-East, he made up his mind that the "ragged churchyard" attached to his church, disused for burials for twenty years, and the graveyard at the back of the adjacent Wesleyan Chapel should be thrown into one and converted into a public garden. Having made up his

mind he carried the scheme into effect. This was not actually the first churchyard to be thrown open, for St. Martin's little burial-ground in Drury Lane, and that of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, had been to a certain extent laid out for the public; but both of these grounds had to be closed again for some time before they were ready for the extensive use which was to be made of them. Prebendary Jones set to work in a business-like fashion, and after much labour and threatened failure, and after two whole days in the Consistory Court, he secured, on behalf of the Vestry, the required faculty. The Wesleyan ground was purchased for £2700, the wall between it and the churchyard was pulled down, a new public pathway was made from Cable Street to Ratcliff Highway, and the garden was tastefully laid out with broad paths, stretches of grass, flower-beds, seats, and a fountain. As it has been open ever since, i.e. twenty-five years, it may claim to have been the example for all the subsequent churchyard or burial-ground gardens laid out in London. Harry Jones describes the fight he had, and the difficulties he encountered in order to carry out this scheme, in more than one of his books, but the result is shortly summed up in the following quotation from a letter I received in '95-

"Ours was, indeed, the first Churchyard Open Space, with a thoroughfare provided, and the making of it caused an adaptation or fresh application of the Act which made the formation of the others easier. I well remember Lord Meath coming and talking the whole prospect of the matter over.

"We had a disused 'Non-con.' burialground adjacent to our churchyard joined to it so as to make one area unbroken by any fence between 'consecrated' and 'unconsecrated' soil. A unique procedure, I believe, which has created a precedent."

Not only has St. George's Garden proved one of the most useful in London, but the Vestry have cause to be proud of the very efficient manner in which it has been kept up. The part of the burial-ground immediately east of the church was laid out and

Harry Jones and Open Spaces

added to the garden in 1885, with the assistance of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association. Now there are, in London alone, no less than ninety-nine public gardens which have been made from disused burial-grounds, and the example set in London is being followed in the provinces.

In the immediate proximity of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, and St. Philip's, Regent Street, Harry Jones had no opportunity of making a recreation-ground, but openspace movements in the neighbourhood

always had his hearty co-opera-From the commencement of its existence he was a member of the Public Gardens Association, very numerous are the letters and postcards the officers of that body have had from him on points connected with the history or formation of open spaces in London.

Early in 1897
Harry Jones was appointed by the Bishop to the City living of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, vacant through the death of Dr. Sparrow Simpson. He immediately interested himself in

the church, and published a small pamphlet upon the history of the building and of the patron saint. With the parish of St. Vedast are annexed those of St. Michael le Querne, St. Matthew, Friday Street, and St. Peter Cheap, Wood Street, none of the three churches being in existence. There is no churchyard left belonging to St. Michael le Querne, while those of St. Vedast and St. Matthew are entirely surrounded by buildings; they are little hemmed-in courts, not suitable for making into public resting-places. But that of St. Peter Cheap, the site of the burned church, is differently situated, the eastern side being bounded

by the pavement of Wood Street, close to Cheapside. This space, small in itself, is well known to City men by reason of the fine old plane tree which grows in it, showing a welcome green and throwing a grateful shade in the midst of the busiest part of the busiest city in the world.¹

Upon the subject of the improvement of this little churchyard, its preservation from encroachment, and the security of the tree, Harry Jones devoted considerable time and attention; and to his death, in connection with certain negotiations

respecting adjoining property, he maintained a valuable defensive attitude. In May 1897 he wrote—

"Please tell him" (the Secretary of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association) "that a picture of a nook in appropriately-'Wood named Street' has been growing in my mind's eye, and looks as if it might approach realisation."

Twice during the last week of September 1900—the week in which he was seized with fatal illness—did he write to the Secretary on the same matter, as

well as to the churchwarden of St. Peter's. The widening of Wood Street had necessitated new railings being placed under the tree. The following is a quotation from one of these letters—

"This morning I had a note from the churchwarden of St. Peter's, whom you have seen, and enclose it. In my reply

¹ The Tree which to so many millions has taken the place of the Thrush in "The Reverie of Poor Susan," as described in Wordsworth's poem of 1797, beginning,

"At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,

Hangs a Thrush that sings loud."



THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

Harry Jones and Open Spaces

I hope that 'the new railings won't injure the old tree, and that means will be found to avoid cutting roots in the way of them.' And I add, 'History as well as present feeling will appreciate special care in the preservation of what is a living London monument."

It is satisfactory to be able to report that special care has been taken by the Corporation to avoid in any way injuring the roots of this tree, the "living London monument" which he so faithfully guarded who loved the bustle of the city streets while he loved the peacefulness of his Suffolk home.

One word more with regard to the churchyard of St. George's-in-the-East. To fully appreciate what an incalculable boon its opening has proved it should be visited. On warm and sunny days every available seat in the garden will be occupied. The grass is green and refreshing, the trees are shady and the flowers are bright. Rough men are there, and coarse girls from "the Highway,"—now called St. George's Street—but there is perfect order and good behaviour. There are also many quiet folk, poor folk, and little children. It is their own and their only park, and they not only love but respect it. And while most of them may be thoughtless, or engrossed with the sordid cares of their narrow lives, some, perhaps, are remembering, with a sense of deep-felt gratitude, the dauntless and large-hearted rector who won the garden for them.

ISABELLA M. HOLMES.

POR more than thirty years Mr. Jones was a frequent contribute. magazine. If we remembered only the thud of his stick on the door, and a tithe of the stories and jokes which he delighted to scatter as Parthian shots when he left, it would be a unique recollection; but between them were characteristic words of exceptional interest. His vigorous individuality could not be labelled by any of the ordinary epithets of distinction. Those who knew his work only from a distance have sometimes wondered that he did not attain to higher preferment, and have missed the large and many-sided meaning of his daily life, which had in reality a greater significance than most of the books that are

written. There was nothing about him which men would be apt to think of as great, yet he exercised constantly that power in infinitesimals by which Nature achieves her marvels. He was a leader without claiming leadership-always on the edge of advance. Many a simple paper that he wrote was ripe with the ripest wisdom, and carried far-reaching conclusions. The many grades of life with which he was familiar made him more largely human, but his tolerance abode in reverence, and he was unconventional because a lover of truth.

His return from Switzerland, when still a young man, to plunge into the cholera at St. Luke's, and some years later his surrender of his West-End house to give himself to a long term of service as rector of St. George's-in-the-East, were but instances of the spirit which governed his whole life. Let any one who would know what he thought of social questions read his "Holiday Paper" on East London. And let any one who would see how crammed and various, how grave and grotesque a life of service may become, turn to his "Dead Leaves and Living Seeds." His commonsense and humour were great aids in dealing with men.

We began with St. George's-in-the-East. Let us end by recalling the strange night vigil when he sat on the top of a publichouse to watch the genesis of a nuisance which no complaints could bring to an end.

"A deputation came from the lower part of the parish to complain of certain evil smells proceeding from the gasworks there. I personally condoled with these complainants, but (somehow) their representations were ignored as groundless. The premises were inspected by officials, and pronounced to be free from the nuisance objected to. I was sure that these gentlemen had gone at a wrong time, since the offensive smells were created at night. The sufferers brought an action against the Gas Company, which was brought into court. Jessell was the judge; Henry James and Chitty were there ready to devour the witnesses for the prosecution who spoke to the nuisance, and I shall not forget their look when I (to the surprise of the audience) was put into the witness-box, and was able to say that I had spent the best part of one night squatting on the roof of a public-house which overlooked the gas premises, and with my own eyes had seen the opening of the doors of the furnaces from which the bad odour had issued. We won, and I shook hands with those members of the Vestry who were present and had taken the side of the company. They half enjoyed learning (for the first time) about the secret nocturnal session of their rector."

The Shadow on the White City

BY MRS. WALTER MAUNDER

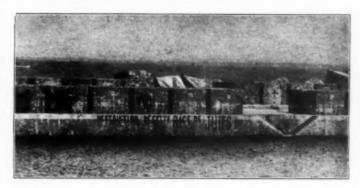
McANDREW, the dour Scots engineer, calls this world the shadow of a dream, "exceptin' always steam," and as we steamed due south from Marseilles on May 21, 1900, our smoke-trailing funnel and our great speed seemed the only points of difference to mark us out from the thousands on thousands of unwilling pilgrims who during many past centuries (and even during that just passing) voyaged to the same goal on the ever-changing, unchangeable Mediterranean. Overhead the sky was a light blue, paling in the regions round the sun, below, each ripple became a mirror which sent back to us the image of

the sun, so that the whole sea seemed to stream with points of fire until the eve turned for rest to the dark deep purple of the water within the shadow of the ship. All that evening and the next morning we seemed to be alone on the great expanse; very rarely a triangular sail or a long low hull with parallel line of smoke show black would against the horizon

for a few minutes, and then disappear below it, but about noon on the 22nd we sighted the distant Atlas range with its higher peaks ending in white, edged with pink, that we could not certainly determine to be cloud or snow, and in its centre white Algiers, looking "like the sail of a great ship"; Algiers, called by the Arabs El-Djezaïr, the island city, and sometimes El-Bahadja, the white city, the whitest city of the East, the white city with the blackest record of any on all the coasts of the great inland sea.

As a people astronomers are not a nomadic race. On the contrary, they take after the nature of a limpet and attach themselves firmly to a rock. But occasionally the force of circumstances makes them follow the swallow, and in our case the circumstance was a total eclipse of the sun on May 28, 1900, visible in some of the southern States of North America, in Portugal, Spain, and Algeria.

In this last eclipse, imagine that an observer was stationed, not on the earth, but in the dark face of the moon, and was watching the earth, now quite full, shortly after *Greenwich mean noon* on May 28 last. At about a quarter past one o'clock Greenwich mean time he would have seen where the great Pacific Ocean was, coming over the sunrise horizon, a dark oval spot of about thirty miles diameter, the shadow of the planet on which he himself was sitting. Round this



AN INSCRIPTION ON THE MOLE IN ALGIERS HARBOUR

spot, black and well-defined as it was, there stretched a huge fringe of shade, very dark where it touched on the dark spot, but paling so rapidly that though it actually reached to the Equator on one side, and within the Arctic Circle on the other, it had become quite imperceptible before it had half reached those limits. As the minutes passed the dark spot with its broad fringe of shadow moved towards the western coast of North America, crossed Mexico, then through Alabama and Georgia, where were the parties from the Harvard and Lick observatories; into the Carolinas, where were massed the great majority of the American observers. It took ninety seconds for the dark spot to pass over the town of Wadesboro', and thence it took its direction to the eastern coast of America, passing

The Shadow on the White City



THE MOSQUE DE LA PECHERIE, PLACE DU GOUVERNEMENT

out over the Atlantic Ocean across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, growing rounder and slightly larger as it moved. At three minutes to three o'clock by his watch, which was set to Greenwich mean time, our supposed observer would have seen the dark spot almost quite round, and now over fifty miles in diameter, lying in mid-Atlantic on the central line of the "Full Earth" which was shining brightly under its noonday sun. The dark spot took one hundred and thirty-four seconds now to cross any point, and if any observer on the earth could have taken up his station here, he would have seen the sun eclipsed for a longer time than would have been possible at any other part of the track. But unfortunately this point was in the very mid-Atlantic, where there was no convenient island whereon the astronomer could plant his telescope, and wasteful nature granted no opportunity for a firm footing until the dark spot, again contracted in its area, reached the coast of Portugal basking in the slanting beams of its afternoon sun. Thence as it wended its way across the peninsula into Northern Africa, it engulfed in shadow many astronomers gathered to see its passage. At Ovar in Portugal it passed over the Astronomer Royal and his party; at Plasencia in Spain it took in its path Dr. Downing with several Irish astronomers; at Santa Pola, where it entered the Mediterranean, it crossed Sir Norman Lockyer and the Astronomer Royal for Scotland; striking the Algerian coast it took in its stride many astronomers of many nationalities, amongst whom we ourselves were numbered; and thence into Tripoli, where had come an American party under Professor Todd from the Far West. Then, as the sun was setting on the confines of Egypt, our observer on the moon would have seen the dark spot, again become oval, and shrunken to its first area, hover on the edge of the eastern world, and slide off

into darkness of space. The observer on the moon could see the little shadow come on the earth in the far Pacific, then coming into daylight, glide across the Atlantic in the full glare of its noontide sun and pass off on the sands of Egypt, which were sinking into the darkness of night; and to him the whole transit of the shadow took not quite three hours twenty



ONE WAY OF USING A CHIMNEY-STACE

minutes. To him it was but a speck on the "Full Earth," then at its brightest, whose brilliancy was not perceptibly lessened even by the great fringe of shadow that surrounded the dark spot. To him the sun was entirely invisible, for he was undergoing

his fortnight of night.

But with the observer on the earth the case is a very different one. It is nothing to him that the shadow passes from sunrise to sunset along a track thirty to fifty miles wide. As far as he is concerned there is but one eclipse, and that is the one visible for a score or so of seconds at the station where he has elected to plant himself. conditions resemble those of the rainbow in their mental effect; there are many rain-

bows, one to himself to each man, not the same rainbow seen by many men. Perhaps this accounts in some degree for the egoism of many narratives of eclipses, and may serve as an apology for the personal element in the present

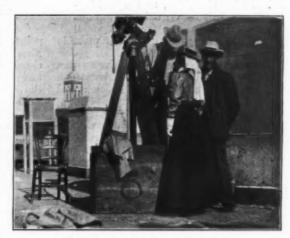
description.

We ourselves finally made a selection of Algiers as our observing station. We were led there by various reasons, chief of which were its good weather record, and its sea-board location, which allowed us to send our instruments entirely by water. Our observing camp was a hitherto untried one in eclipse expeditions, and it succeeded beyond our expectations. The Hôtel de la Regence, like most houses in a Moorish town, possessed a flat roof, usually de-

voted to the laundress of the hotel, but for this fortnight shared by the astronomers, who filled the place to overflowing.

The position of our hotel was an interesting one, both from its historic associations and from its present outlook. Built on the Place du Gouvernement, the ancient site of the harem of the Dey, it looked out over the gigantic mole of the Bay of Algiers, to Cape Matifou; on its left hand lay the glistening white walls and domes of the Mosque de la Pêcherie, built in the form of a Latin cross, in desperate spite, the legend runs, by a Christian slave and architect, who received the reward of death by impalement for his deed. On the right hand was the junction of the two famous Algerine ways, the Babel-Azoun, or gate of grief, which led to the dread door of stakes whereon the Mohammedan criminals met their doom, and the Bab-el-Oued, which led to the place of torture and execution of the Christian captives, and thence to their last resting-ground, washed by the sea-waves. Persecution of the Christian by the Mussulman has ceased, but the Christian has not thereby learned tolerance even to the race that gave birth to their Master, as an inscription on the mole clearly shows. At the present time the outlook from the hotel is one of never-failing interest, with its constant congregation of all the nationalities of the surrounding continents. But our interest was concentrated on the useful prosaic roof or laundryground of the hotel.

Its fashion was four-square, with its four



MR. AND MRS. MAUNDER AND MR. BROOK

walls running almost directly along and across the north and south line. In its centre were two houses, separated by the glazed roof of the courtyard, through which we could look down to the vestibule of the hotel, and these houses contained the servants' bed-rooms, but were promptly annexed by us as store-rooms for our instruments and tools, and their furniture put to a scientific use for which it was not originally framed. The roof to the south of the houses was devoted to those observers who had photographic cameras and larger instruments that needed considerable skyroom for their adjustment; the space to the east and west was given over to those who had small telescopes on tripod stands, or opera-glasses, or the more humble piece of smoked glass. One feature of the roof filled

The Shadow on the White City

us with disgust and foreboding, until experience led us to the conclusion that it must actually have been originally designed for our especial use. This was the series of chimney-stacks about five feet high, oriented almost exactly due north and south, and as solid a piece of masonry as any one of us could wish. Consequently we used them as such, and this is probably the first time on record that an astronomer has regarded with unmixed pleasure a chimney as an adjunct to his telescope. Even the very cavities through which we supposed in winter that the smoke was wont to issue, formed an excellent drop for the weights which drove the clocks, but here we had to act with discretion, as the invitinglooking flat ledge of the chimney-top was a doubtful depository for such small necessaries as eye-pieces and unreplacable

In the extreme south-east corner was stationed the Meteorological Department. The apparatus of Mr. Lewis Brook raised many doubts among the Custom House officials, who had received instructions from their government to pass through without hurt or delay all astronomical instruments for use in the eclipse. Telescopes and cameras they could understand, spectroscopes were unintelligible things, but thermometer stands that looked like meat safes of an improved device were dubious matters, and they signally failed to grasp the astronomical significance of a fishing-rod. As a matter of fact it was not a fishing-rod, but a jointed and portable wind-vane, but it took several hours to convince them on this



MISS EDITH MAUNDER CALLING TIME

point. Beside Mr. Brook was his sister, Mrs. Anthony Brook, whose weapons consisted of a large sheet spread on the ground, and several poles which she threw down in the direction or directions taken by the "shadow-bands." Mrs. Brook describes this by-product of an eclipse rather under the name of "shadow-patches," and illustrates them by "the lights and shades which appear to course over the tops of long grass when a moderate breeze is blowing." Edith Maunder was sitting at a table to call the time and facing the wind, and she speaks of seeing them "rippling" over the paper in front of her, and then feeling them rippling over her as if they were borne on the wings of the wind. The rest of the observing party might be divided into those who drew and those who photographed the corona. Of

> these Mr. Crommelin both drew and photographed; Miss Martin-Leake drew a small portion as seen in a 3-inch refractor; Miss C. O. Stevens drew the whole corona as seen by the naked eye; and Mr. Hodge, the Rev. C. D. P. Davies, Miss Irene Maunder, Mr. Walter Maunder, and myself took photo-graphs. My husband used a small clockdriven equatorial, on which was mounted a pair of small Dallmeyer



MR. AND MRS. CROMMELIN

stigmatic lenses, each like the one we used in India, and by which the very long extensions of the corona had been photographed. I also had a pair of cameras fitted with rapid rectilinear lenses, but I had no clock to make my telescope follow the sun, and I proposed to guide on the planet Mercury by hand. So a couple of minutes before the eclipse became total I got the planet exactly on the cross-wires of the telescope, and by turning slow-motion rods, kept him there as steadily

and as exactly as even a clock could do. Now Mercury was as minute as any star, and the dark cross-wires showed up against the bright sky light, but the instant the moon had completely covered the sun, as if a shutter had dropped before the telescope, this sky light vanished. There was no fading of the light, it was simply gone, and the black cross-wires could no longer show up black against the blackness of the sky; I was alone with a pinpoint of light in a huge black circle with never a landmark to guide by. I did the only thing I could do, I twisted the slow-motion rods at the rate my instinct told me that a star moves, and the photograph, when developed, proved that my instinct was not very far wrong. The coronal photograph turned out to be "respectable" though not perfect—not to be compared with the pair that my husband got with the twin Dallmeyers. The lesson, however, was sharply taught, and I would never again attempt to take a long-exposure photograph of the corona by hand-driving, and I tell the experience now, so that if any one tries it at a future eclipse, the blame shall be on his own head and I shall go

But besides this lesson of "How not to do it" next time, the observation was not unfruitful. It showed that the departure of the sunlight from the sky was as instanteous as its return, and it also gave evidence that the great brightness during the eclipse was not due to light scattered by the dust in the earth's atmosphere.

Our chief object was to obtain the coronal streamers to as great a distance



Drawn from Mr. Maunder's Photographs
THE CORONA OF 1900

as possible. The experience of the great eclipse of 1878 seemed to show that when sun-spots are few and small the coronal streamers become equatorial and are very long-drawn-out. Two years earlier, in 1898, when sun-spots were diminishing in number, but were not at their fewest, we photographed a streamer to at least six millions of miles with an exposure of twenty seconds. Now in 1900, when they had become very few, we hoped with an exposure of forty-eight seconds to photograph them of a greater length still. But even in the dim light of the developingroom, a glance was sufficient to show that the 1900 corona had no extension comparable even with that of 1898, and an exposure of forty-eight seconds gave the streamers no longer than those of half a second. Our long-exposure photographs had unavoidably failed in the purpose for which they were taken.

But they achieved a different and even greater success. Close examination of the photographs showed lines on the corona not only due to the bright curves and streamers, but also dark ones, darker, that is to say, than the black moon or the surrounding sky. They are therefore not contrast effects, as might be suggested, due to rifts in the corona through which we see the blackness of space beyond. What these black rays may be we cannot say. Perhaps they may be due to the absorption of the coronal light by dark bodies between us and the sun. near or how far they are from the sun we cannot tell, or whether they form part

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The Shadow on the White City

of the intimate structure of the corona

These dark rays add a new and most perplexing feature to the already difficult problem of the corona. Yet they have their equally inexplicable counterpart in the sidereal universe, where the "coalsacks" in the southern heavens, and the many holes and rifts in starry masses of the northern Milky Way overburden our limited powers of reason. It is a great problem, and the eclipse of 1901 will perchance help us on a little towards its solution.

My difficulty with the planet Mercury prevented my view of the corona, and I was dependent on my companions for a word picture of it. This is the description that one of them gave me:—

"The sky was a deep purple, while over the sea on the horizon was a strange light, a compromise between a thunderstorm and a sunset. The colour faded from the sea and trees, a shouting and screaming arose from the square below, a flock of birds flew screaming overhead. The light was fading—suddenly the moon slipped over the sun, and the eclipse was total.

"A deep purple sky, a black globe surrounded by a crimson glow, and above and below it a milk-white flame stretching its long streamers away into the purple; the darkness, the cold wind, the silent workers round me, and the shouting crowd below, all tended to make this strange and glorious sight still more glorious. Suddenly the moon slipped over the other side of the sun, and out he shone in a blaze of light, or so it seemed in comparison with his eclipse; an Englishman cheered, some Frenchmen clapped, and totality was over."

A Song for the Twentieth Century

WE tread a better earth to-day
Than that the fathers knew
A broader sky-line rounds away
To realms of deeper blue.
More ample is the human right,
More true the human ken;
The law of God has been a light
To lead the lives of men.

He led our generations on
In mist or smouldering fire;
To more than all the centuries gone
The marching years aspire.
Across the onward sweep of time
We strain our vision dim,
And all the ages roll and climb
To lose themselves in Him.

We gaze upon the æons past—
A blind and tumbling surge,
And slowly, from the weltering vast
Behold a law emerge.
The water seemed to heave and sway
In chaos undenied;
Yet not a foam-flake drove astray,
For He was wind and tide.

O Purpose of the stumbling years,
O wistful Need and Hope,
Whereby, in all the woven spheres
The atoms yearn and grope:
Flow through the wandering will of man
A tide of slow decree,
And merge our strivings in the plan
That draws the worlds to Thee.
FREDERICK LANGERIDGE.

A Century of Thrift



WENDOVER PARISH CHURCH, BUCKS, WHERE THE FIRST "BANK FOR SAVINGS" WAS STARTED IN 1799

ERY few people ever dream of connecting the author of "Robinson Crusoe" with the unromantic subject of thrift. Yet, though the fact may be new to many, it is to no less a personage than Daniel Defoe that we are indebted for what was, probably, the original root idea which, in the course of time, developed into the great power for good known almost everywhere to-day by the name of the savings bank. For, it is in one of the numerous tracts that were written by that most indefatigable author that we find the inception of the earliest proposal to devise some means or agency of thrift, whereby the "wasteful and wantful" classes of the people of this country might do something to provide against the proverbial rainy day.

Defoe's ideas, however, were much too visionary to be put into practice. In his day the word "wages" had not yet acquired its modern significance, while the term "thrift," if it had a place at all in the work-a-day vocabulary of the toilers of his time, could only have been employed towards them in a sense truly ironical. It was not, therefore, till nearly a century after the publication of Defoe's tract,

that its suggestions, or at least something akin to them, were seriously considered. In the interval, the population of the labouring classes had greatly increased, although their material progress was not marked by any substantial rise in their wage rates. Indeed, the condition of many sections of those classes was, as contrasted, for example, with their condition to-day, deplorable in the extreme. Worst of all, without question, was the lot of those sections whose labour was connected with agriculture. Their case was truly a hard case; their wages were pitifully poor and inadequate; and it was in order to do something chiefly to ameliorate their condition that, just a century ago this very year, certain philanthropic men and women revived Defoe's "happy thought." For, hitherto, the Legislature had not yet concerned itself with the matter, and in no way offered a helping hand.

Very properly, therefore, the Church was the agency by which the good work was begun, and in the year 1799, the door of the first savings bank in the United Kingdom was opened in the vestry of the Parish Church of Wendover, Buckingham-

A Century of Thrift

shire. The chief credit of introducing the new movement belongs to the Rev. John Smith, the rector of that church, and his name will ever be honourably connected with the history of British thrift. Associating himself with a few of his vestrymen, the method agreed upon was to receive, weekly, any sum not less than twopence from any poor parishioners able and willing to save a little from their earnings, the stipulation being that, if the sum deposited were left untouched until the Christmas following, a bonus of one shilling would be added to the amount! The Wendover example was soon imitated at other places, especially in the north of England, and in the course of the next few years the thrift movement was fairly launched, although entirely conducted by local philanthropists, and with the bonus idea looming largely over it. In the year 1810, however, the first so-called "bank for savings," as still styled in some districts, was opened and conducted on something like business lines; and to another clergyman—this time, a Scotsman, viz. the Rev. Henry Duncan, minister of the parish of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire—is due the honour of establishing it. 1 Although the Ruthwell Bank was, like its Wendover prototype, to a large extent a charitable agency, in so far as it was managed by local philanthropists, and that without fee or reward, its operations were on a larger scale alike as to number and amount. From this unpretentious rural bank what is now known as the system of trustee savings banks may be said to have sprung. soon its success was noised abroad, and in numerous other places similar "banks for savings" were opened, until, by the year 1817, as many as seventy-eight were doing business. In that year, and for the first time, the Government thought proper to intervene, and thereupon passed the first Savings Bank Act of Parliament which, among other matters, provided for the establishment, in certain of the more populous centres, of banks for savings, to be under the supervision of locally appointed unpaid trustees and managers. brought directly under the supervision of the State, the thrift-system soon began to find favour until, in four years, i.e. by the year 1821, the working classes had as much as £6,000,000 deposited. The year 1828

has been considered one of the turning points in the history of savings banks, because a very important measure was then passed by the Legislature in their interests. This measure is known as the Act 9 Geo. IV cap. 92, and had special reference to the more effectual working of the banks, and to the better security of the funds in the hands of their trustees.

The next notable year in their history is the year 1836. Lord Melbourne and Mr. Spring Rice were then respectively Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it is rather to the latter than to the former that the introduction and passing of the Act of that year was due. Perhaps its chief effect was to introduce the system into not a few of the more important centres of industry, notably in Scotland, where it was still unknown. Hitherto Scotland had, excepting the little village of Ruthwell, kept aloof from the movement as controlled by Government, although a number of banks unconnected with the State were at this time reported to be doing a large amount of business. But now most of these outside concerns took the necessary steps to come under the new Act, while in many large cities, "banks for savings" were legally established for the first time. It was in this year that, for example, what is now the largest savings bank in the United Kingdom, viz. the Glasgow Savings Bank, first opened its doors. As a result of the impetus thus given to the movement, the sum-total at the credit of depositors reached, on November 20, 1836, close on £25,000,000 sterling. Of this amount, depositors in the English banks owned about £22,000,000, those in Ireland nearly £2,500,000, the half million remaining being credited to the Scottish banks. The last in the field, the banks in Scotland could of course scarcely be expected to have had a much larger amount accumulated in so short a time.

For the next twenty-five years the trustee savings bank system, by which designation it was now universally known, made steady and substantial progress until, in 1861, a new era in the history of British thrift was introduced by the establishment of the Post Office Savings Bank system, officially launched under the guiding hand of Mr. Gladstone, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time. Little did the promoters of the system imagine that, in less than thirty years, or in just about a generation, it would assume such colossal dimensions as not only to outgrow and

¹ It was this Dr. Duncan who, with the late Mr. William Oliphant, founded in 1808 The Cheap Repository—the pioneer of popular monthly magazines—of which he was the first editor.—Ep. L. H.

overshadow in sheer bulk its older rival, but to become one of the most important departments of the machinery of the State. Few movements initiated by private and irresponsible persons have ever been fraught with so much material good for the general public as was the movement to establish savings banks before it was brought under the notice of those in authority. The honour of initiating it belongs to one who was hitherto unknown -a gentleman resident in Huddersfield-Mr. Charles Sikes, a member of a local banking company. He was a philanthropist in the best sense, and well deserved the knighthood afterwards conferred upon him. In a letter addressed to Mr. Gladstone, Mr.

without savings banks! Compared with ordinary banks, there are nearly 500 towns or places in the United Kingdom in each of which there are one or more private or joint-stock banks; but in none of them does there exist a single savings bank to aid in promoting those habits of forethought and thrift so essential to the progress and prosperity of the people. Concurrently with this absence of savings banks, the aggregate income of the working classes has, through the general prosperity, gone on increasing until it has now reached a magnitude beyond all former experience."

Here, then, was a very strong reason why something should be done on a larger and more comprehensive scale than had been



RUTHWELL PARISH CHURCH, DUMFRIESSHIRE, WHERE THE FIRST SAVINGS BANK IN SCOTLAND WAS OPENED IN 1810

Sikes brought under that statesman's consideration the outlines of a plan he had devised showing how, without any expense to the country, the advantages of savings banks might be further extended and popularised. "It will be scarcely credited," wrote Mr. Sikes, "that at the present time (1859) there are in the United Kingdom fifteen counties in which there are no savings banks " (of course he meant savings banks under the Government control); "and although difficult to ascertain the exact number of towns, there are probably one hundred with a population varying from 10,000 to 30,000 each, and nearly 2,000 other towns or places, with populations ranging between 1,000 and 10,000, all

yet attempted to save a portion of the greatly augmented income of the working classes. That income was estimated at no less than £170,000,000 sterling per annum, and yet the aggregate deposits of all the existing savings banks in the United Kingdom was under £8,000,000 a year.

But Mr. Sikes not only proceeded to show why the plan he proposed should be adopted, but how it could be carried on successfully and without any expense to the State. His scheme for establishing savings banks through the powerful medium of the Post Office also involved a plan for introducing the Money Order System, the benefits of which have ever since been appreciated by the public. And it need hardly

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be said that its wisdom, its necessity, its simplicity, and its cheapness at once commended the scheme in its duality to the favourable consideration of the Government of the day, who, with admirable zeal, forthwith set about putting it into operation. In exactly two years' time from the date of Mr. Sikes's appeal to Mr. Gladstone, Post Office Savings Banks became an accomplished fact. In their main essentials, the new banks differed but slightly from those under the older system. Their limits of deposit were precisely the same: the rates of interest allowable to depositors varied but little, and their general rules and byelaws were almost identical with those of the trustee banks. The great underlying principle of both was to afford to the humbler classes of the people a ready-to-hand means of saving their earnings which was at once simple, cheap, and afforded sufficient margin of profit to enable them to pay their way. From their commencement in 1861, the success of the Post Office Savings Banks has been almost phenomenal, as the subjoined table will show:-

Year	No. of Offices	No. of Depositors	Amount at Credit
To Dec.			£
1862	2,535	178,495	1,698,221
1871	4,335	1,303,492	17,025,004
1881	6,513	2,607,612	36,194,495
1891	10,063	5,118,395	71,608,002
1892	10,519	5,452,316	75,853,079
1893	11,018	5,748,239	80,597,641
1894	11 323	6,108,763	89,266,066
1895	11,518	6,453,597	97,868,975
1896	11,867	6,802,035	108,098,641
1897	12,212	7,239,761	115,896,783
1898	12,500	7,500,000	125,000,000

In addition to the foregoing sum of £125,000,000 at the credit of over seven and a half million depositors, there is to be added no less an amount than £7,063,504 invested in Consols for 69,113 of those depositors, so that there is up to the present time something like £130,000,000 sterling which has been saved by the agency of the Post Office. Had Mr. Sikes been alive to-day he certainly would not have been surprised at such magnificent results obtained from the system which owes so much to his foresight; for he all along believed not only in the excellence of the machinery of the Post Office to suit the wants of the masses of the people, but he had likewise a strong faith in the growing desire of those masses in the direction of habits of thrift and providence, which are so substantially evident in the figures just quoted.

With such a strong rival growing up on every side, and reaching to places where it had no means of exploiting, it is no wonder that the trustee system, soon after the Post Office banks were established, seemed to reach its high-water mark of service to the community. In 1861 there were exactly 645 of these older banks in existence, with deposits amounting to £41,546,645. Twentyseven years afterwards, while their deposits had increased by some five or six millions, their numbers had been reduced by about one half. This peculiarity is explained by the fact that while a very large number of the smaller trustee banks had closed their doors or transferred their business over to the Post Office, the larger and stronger banks in the great centres more than maintained their own. For many reasons, these city or central banks seem better adapted for the public than are the Post Office banks. In proof of this, reference need only be made to the Glasgow Savings Bank, which has about 200,000 depositors with £8,000,000 at their credit—a sum more than equal to what the Post Office Savings Banks owe to all their depositors in Scotland and Ireland together.

The year 1891 was a very important one in the history of the trustee system, for it was in the course of that year that the Trustee Savings Banks Inspection Committee was called into existence by an Act of Parliament (54 & 55 Vict. cap. 21). Under the supervision of inspectors appointed by this committee—which of course works in conjunction with the National Debt Commissioners—every trustee savings bank in the United Kingdom, numbering at present about 230, is, once a year at least, subjected to a searching audit, with the result that they now enjoy more public confidence than they ever did during their long history. At all events their total deposits, owned by 1,527,217 individual persons at November 20 last, just touch upon £50,000,000, the highest amount yet reached. In addition to this sum, however, there is a further amount of £5,000,000 in the special investment department of fourteen banks, belonging for the most part to those depositors whose accounts in the ordinary department had reached the maximum limit of deposit of £200; and of those depositors there are no fewer than 38,717.

In these two British savings bank

A Century of Thrift

systems, therefore, there are at the present day about nine millions of individual depositors, or close on one in every four of the entire population of the United Kingdom, owning nearly £175,000,000 sterling, or approximating to about £20 each, a very fair average nest-egg. Of course, the total results of a century of thrift—for savings banks have only helped to contribute thereto—would show much larger figures than these, were it possible to include here the operations of the friendly societies, cooperative associations, and similar provident agencies that have been working side by

side with the savings banks for many years past. But, taking the operations of the savings banks alone, from their small beginnings just a century ago up to the present, it is impossible to deny that, with the great mass of the people, the advantages of thrift are becoming every year more and more appreciated. Perhaps the most important savings bank measure passed within recent years, was that introduced by Sir William Harcourt in 1894, increasing the limits of deposit and investment in Government stock.

ALEXANDER CARGILL.



The Stagnant Pool



HE song of the thrush is rare

Near the stagnant Pool with her green slime-coating,

Where the avid watergnats are gloating,

Where the frogs in the twilight stare.

Downbent are the joyless reeds
To the brim of the waters dark and chilly.
The corpse of one ill-timed water-lily
Floats wraith-like amid the weeds.

Alas! for the stagnant Pool
Was once a spring from the hillside gushing,
Adown dark rocks, over meadows rushing,
A rivulet clear and cool!

Through the woodland slopes she sped,
And her laughing waters puried and rippled,
And her silvery waves were amber-stippled
When the sun shone overhead.

She journeyed unceasingly,
And her heart throbbed high with a glad emotion,
For the goal of that brook was the mighty ocean,
The far-off eternal sea.

But the end she reached at last
Was a barren waste, where her sparkling runnel
Could force no way, could cut no tunnel,
For the hard earth held her fast.

"Leave this sun-deserted waste,"
Sighed the gentle breezes o'er her blowing.

"Flow on," sighed the reeds by her waters
growing:
And the swallows twittered: "Haste."

And the clouds they sang, "Away,
In the path of the wind and the flitting swallow."
But she could not stir from her dreary hollow.
From her prison-house of clay.

Yet oft-times in a dream,
When the mist of dusk is around her falling,
She hears the far-away ocean calling
To the laughing silver stream.

BEATRICE J. PRALL.

The High Crosses of Ireland¹

BY GODDARD H. ORPEN

II

DERHAPS nothing has puzzled people more than the scenes depicted on the bases of some of the crosses. On the Market Cross at Kells, for instance, we find on one side of the base a hunting scene, where a man with shield and spear, preceded



PANEL ON BASE OF MARKET CROSS, KELLS

by a dog, pursues a collection of animals among which we may distinguish two stags, a pig, a monstrous bird, and three other animals. On another side there are two centaurs, one armed with a trident, the other with bow and arrow and having a bird on its back, also a bird with a fish in its talons, and another bird on a quadruped

of some kind. On the third side there is a contest between foot-soldiers, and on the fourth a procession of four mounted warriors. The base of the Cross of SS. Patrick and Columba contains on one side a hunting scene very similar to that first described above, and on another a chariot and two horsemen. At Monasterboice there are centaurs resembling mentioned above, and at Clonmacnois, Castledermot, and

Kilklispeen there are hunting scenes and

These subjects can hardly be Scriptural, and their appropriateness to their position is not to our ideas evident. It has therefore been suggested that they represent lingering pagan notions of the Happy Otherworld of the Celts, where hunting and fighting But this are among the principal joys.

suggestion is due to not viewing the question from the contemporary standpoint. It is really quite certain that these hunting scenes and military encounters, and real or mythical animals, had all a symbolical meaning, though we may in some cases

have lost the key to the sym-

bolism.

By way of explaining their significance Dr. Anderson very aptly quotes from the "Hortus Deliciarum," a twelfth-century MS. lost at the siege of Strasburg, as follows: "We offer to God the spoils of our chase when by example or precept we convert the wild beasts, that is to say, the wicked men. The chase of the Christian is the

These are repreconversion of sinners. sented by hares, by goats, by wild boars, or by stags. The hares signify the incontinent, the goats the proud, the wild boars the rich, and the stags the worldly-wise. These four beasts we smite with four darts by our example of continence, humility, voluntary poverty, and perfect charity; we



PANEL ON BASE OF MARKET CROSS, KELLS

pursue them with dogs, when we arouse their fears by the preaching of the Word."

The idea of the centaurs was of course derived from classical mythology, where they were associated with Bacchanalian orgies, as embodying animal passions, and were also regarded as agents of the infernal gods. The early Christians seem to have regarded them as demons armed with bows

The High Crosses of Ireland



PANEL ON BASE OF MARKET CROSS, KELLS

and arrows and making war upon the righteous, or, less literally, as the animal side of human nature ever striving to gain

the mastery over the spiritual. Great assistance towards comprehending the significance of animals carved on Celtic crosses and elsewhere is to be obtained from a study of the mediæval Bestiaries. These are spiritualised natural histories, mostly in Latin or Old French, containing curious descriptions of the supposed nature and habits of various animals, real and fabulous, their spiritual meaning, and the moral lessons to be drawn therefrom. If we seek for the origin of this mythical and symbolical zoology we are led to the East, where the doctrine of metempsychosis conduced to its most extravagant development. The Orient, broadly speaking, was the birthplace of such monstrous conceptions as sphinxes, human-headed bulls, lion-headed and eagle-headed men, centaurs, minotaurs, griffins, dragons, and syrens, and through Alexandria these conceptions were passed on to Christendom. The principal text-book on the subject went by the name of "Physiologus," or "The Naturalist," and was originally compiled by an Alexandrian Greek. It embodied much of the "wisdom of the Egyptians," and may be regarded as a convenient compendium of the more important stories and traditions current at the time concerning the habits and

characteristics of animals and the spiritual truths which they were supposed to illustrate. Absurd as most of these stories may be, they serve as a monument of the credulity of the times, and translated into stone on Celtic Cross and Gothic church portal, they are records of human thoughts and beliefs in certain stages of civilisation, and as such are worthy of study. The subject is, however, too large a one to be entered upon here. We can only refer the curious reader to Mr. Romilly Allen's work already mentioned, and to Mr. E. P. Evans's book on "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture," which includes an extensive bibliography. We may, however, give one example, as it seems to bear upon the illustration before us of the hunting scene with centaurs on the base of

the cross in the market place at Kells.

In this scene the bird on the centaur's back is probably a hawk, and the animal between the centaurs a hound, both animals being engaged in the chase. The bird and fish, and the bird and quadruped, perhaps a lamb, appear to be objects of the hunt. What are they? Now in the book of Armagh, a Celtic MS., an eagle with a fish in its talons appears as the symbol of St. John, and the combination is also to be met with in a hunting scene on a Celtic cross at St. Vigeans, Forfarshire. It is also found on an Italian mosaic, on a Norman doorway, and on a metal plate now in the British Museum. It must, therefore, have been widely understood. When we turn to the Bestiary we find it stated of the eagle that "from aloft it can gaze into the depths of the ocean and see the fish swimming below, which it seizes and drags ashore to eat." This is then interpreted as follows: "The eagle signifies Christ, who is far-seeing and dwells on high. The sea is the world, and the fish are the people in it. God came into the world to obtain possession of our souls, and He draws us towards Him by right, as the eagle catches the fish."

I can only put forward this interpretation of the bird and fish in this hunting scene in a tentative way, but if it should be established, then the whole scene would represent



PANEL ON BASE OF MARKET CROSS, KELLS

The High Crosses of Ireland

the rescue of the elect from the fiery darts of the wicked.

The crosses of Monasterboice, Kells, and Clonmacnois, to which we may add the beautiful one at Durrow, were all either in or on the very border of the ancient kingdom of Meath, and may perhaps be grouped together as belonging to a local school. The same may be said of the cross at Moone Abbey, and the two crosses at Castledermot. In these crosses the pictorial subjects are reduced to their primordial elements, the

treatment becomes more abstract and symbolical. The human figure is little more than a large head, with a small rectangle for the clothed body, and two Lshaped feet below. In the two crosses at Castledermot and in that at Moone Abbey there is a representation of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. That at Moone Abbey, illustrated above, merely contains five discs for the loaves with an eel at each side and two fishes above. Those at Castledermot are similar with the addition of a figure touching one of the loaves, and, in one case, a row of eight figures below representing, I suppose, the multitude. Other resemblances might be pointed out both in the treatment of particular subjects and in the general character. The temptation, the sacrifice of Isaac, Daniel and the lions, the two men holding a loaf with the bird overhead, the man between two goat-headed monsters, occur, I think, on all three crosses and are treated in a similar way. All three have a square top, instead of the shrineshaped gable, and show a preference for spiral forms in their scant ornamentation. This preference,

as well as the simplicity of the pictorial subjects, may be to some extent due to the coarser nature of the stone.

With these crosses may perhaps be classed the remains of those at Kilcullen, also in the county Kildare and within the boundaries of the same ancient tribal territory known as Omurethy. Our illustration of a broken cross-shaft there contains two pictorial panels. The lower one represents David and the lion, a type of deliverance from evil. David is shown kneeling on the

lion's back and rending open his jaws, while the lamb or ram is seen below. The upper panel represents a man in, I think, the garb of an ecclesiastic, with a crozier in one hand and an axe in the other, apparently about to smite the prostrate figure at his feet, while a bell and a book, accessories of an ecclesiastic, fill up the vacant places. The scene has not been paralleled on the Celtic crosses, and it is uncertain what it represents, but it probably signifies in some way the triumph of Good over Evil, a never-



MOONE ABBEY CROSS

failing source of inspiration to the Christian artist.

Another group of ornamented crosses consists of three found at Ullard, near Graigue - na - Managh, county Kilkenny (whither two of them have been removed), and one at St. Mullins, not far off in the county Carlow. These have the spaces between the limbs and the encircling ring recessed, but not pierced. They are smaller and ruder than those last described, to which otherwise they bear some resemblance.



BASE OF MOONE ABBEY CROSS

(1) The three children in the flery furnace:
(2) Flight into Egypt.
(3) Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.

Two crosses at Kilklispeen, county Kilkenny, are remarkable for having a peculiar conical cap. They are highly ornamented with spiral, interlaced, and fret patterns, but present comparatively few pictorial subjects. In the north, the most highly ornamented crosses remaining are those at Arboe and Donaghmore, county Tyrone, and one at Clones, county Monaghan. There is a fine and perfect cross at Drumcliff, county Sligo, and remains of highly decorated crosses in the Aran Island in Galway Bay.

Other crosses are now known only by a broken fragment of the shaft, or a base, perhaps inscribed, and it seems probable that few important ecclesiastical centres did not at one time boast of its Celtic cross standing as a monument of art amid the gravestones by the church.

Hitherto we have considered mainly the figure subjects sculptured on the crosses and their symbolism, and have found that in

choice of subjects and to some extent in method of treatment Irish artists drew their inspiration partly from Roman and partly from Byzantine art, or, as the old classical art of Rome had entirely died out long before this period, we may say broadly that they drew their inspiration directly or indirectly from Byzantine art. But there is another department of art which may more justly be regarded as distinctly Irish, or rather Celtic, in character, and which is largely exemplified on the crosses. I mean the more purely decorative panels and decorative features generally. Some crosses exhibit no figure subjects, but are covered with these purely decorative designs, and few, if any, are altogether without them.

These ornaments may be divided according as the main motive consists of spirals, frets, or interlaced bands, these last giving rise to conventionalised animal forms, with limbs, ears, tails, and crests, intertwined in every conceivable and inconceivable way. Foliaceous designs are much more rare. It was in developing these motives into a really marvellous variety of patterns that Irish genius found its best and most fruitful outlet, and Irish technical skill found its best and most beautiful employment. The designs were first worked out and accomplished, not on stone, but on parchment, and were transferred from

illuminated MSS. to the crosses, and then to metal work.

It is a mistake to suppose, as has sometimes been done, that these motives—spirals, frets, and interlaced bands—originated in Ireland or were peculiar to Celtic art. If we could trace out the origin of these ornaments and follow them in their travels from one country to another the investigation would throw much light on the course of early civilisation and on primitive trade routes, or more generally on the lines of communication between different countries or races. We can merely indicate one or two points here.

First as to the spiral motive. This was not introduced by Christianity. In its simpler forms it was known in Celtic countries in Pagan times, in what is usually called the Bronze Age. It is found, indeed, as a running pattern rudely carved in stone inside the chambers of the great pre-

The High Crosses of Ireland

historic tumulus of New Grange on the banks of the Boyne, and on the threshold stone before the entrance. It was therefore no late importation into Ireland, and yet we cannot say that it originated there. Its course has been traced backwards through the Scandinavian and North German regions and along the early Bronze Age trade route by way of the Elbe and Danube into Greece. Here it may be seen already developed into a beautiful continuous pattern of quadruple spirals in what is known as the Mycenæan period (circa B.C. 1500). This again links on through Crete with an earlier Egyptian decoration, in which the evolution of spiral patterns can be traced backwards to the scarabs of the fifth dynasty, about 3500 years before Christ. Who can assert that it originated even then?

There is, however, one development of the spiral motion, known as the divergent spiral or trumpet pattern, which was very much used in early Christian decoration in Ireland, and which has been claimed as

a development due to Celtic genius. The spiral ornament, when used so as to form a continuous pattern, consists of volutes, the two or more bands of which run off at tangents to form other volutes. In the divergent spiral the lines or edges of the bands on escaping from the volute diverge in widening curves to points from which they converge again and once more whirl to a centre. The points where the curves change are connected in the MSS. by an oval which gives to the whole the appearance of a curved trumpet with a wide mouth-hence the alternative name of the pattern. The essential elements of this design can be traced backwards to the metal work of the late Celtic period, which extended in Britain down to the time when Roman influence prevailed there, and in Ireland probably until the introduction of Christianity; but whether this late Celtic divergent spiral was evolved out of the earlier and simpler Bronze Age spiral and can be claimed as a Celtic contribution to art, or was due to a fresh importation of spiral forms, is doubtful. In any case it certainly received its great development in the manuscripts, metal work, and crosses of Christian Ireland, when it was grafted on a fresh stock of designs 248

introduced concurrently with the new

The whole tendency of modern research on the subject of the origin of ornament has been toward the conclusion that, with the exception of the simplest forms, patterns have been distributed from particular centres by way of copying, and have not been independently invented in different countries. The general descent of classical ornament from Egyptian may be said to have been established, and the general connection of early Christian art in Ireland with the Byzantine school and its offsets in the East is rapidly becoming a proved fact. At the same time we find abundant evidence of local centres of development, and one such illustrious centre was Ireland in the early centuries of her Christianity.

Neither fret patterns nor interlaced work appear to have been known in Ireland prior to the introduction of Christianity, and it seems probable that these motives were introduced from the East with early manuscripts of the Gospels.



CROSS-SHAFT, KILCULLEN

The High Crosses of Ireland

unfailing regularity. Other varieties of knotwork may be seen in our photograph of the north side of the shaft of the cross of Muiredach at Clonmacnois. In the



PANELS ON NORTH SIDE OF CROSS OF MUIREDACH

upper panel a groove is run down the centre of the bands, so as to give them the appearance of double bands.

Scrolls of foliage, though characteristic of the crosses in the ancient districts of

Northumbria and Strathclyde, are rarely found on early Irish MSS. or on Irish crosses. The example we give is from a wood carving copied from a representation of a panel on the cross at Croft in Yorkshire. It closely resembles a panel on the south side of the cross of Muiredach at Monasterboice. In recent years this design has been uncovered at Jerusalem on a mosaic pavement of Byzantine work with an interlaced border (a three-cord plait), thus giving one more striking indication of the source whence this style of ornament reached Ireland.

When we compare these purely decorative panels with the pictorial representations of men and animals on the Irish crosses, we are at once struck with the immense dis-

¹ See The Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for October 1894.

Interlaced work, for long regarded as an exclusively Celtic production, is found in the ornamentation of early churches in parts of France, north Italy, Dalmatia, Greece, and Syria, as well as in Lombardic, Carlovingian, Spanish, and other MSS. It is still used by the Nestorian Christians in the illumination of their MSS, as well as in the decoration of their churches and tombs. In some of the above cases we may perhaps infer a contrary influence proceeding through her missionaries from Ireland, but this inference is not always possible, and the general conclusion seems to be that a motive originating in the East and once known throughout a large part of Europe was developed in Ireland to an extraordinary degree of complexity and beauty, culminating in the Book of Kells about the year 800, and was handed back again in its

Mr. Romilly Allen has divided interlaced work into four classes, according as the bands are looped, twisted, plaited, or knotted, and has analysed the various patterns in a masterly way. He has shown how the knotwork may have been developed from the plait by cutting off the cords at regular intervals and joining them up to each other round a blank space, instead of letting them run on continuously. Our illustration is from a reproduction in wood of a design on the broken cross-shaft in Kells churchyard. The design, repeated over and over again, consists of two bands crossing each other at right angles, with four knots and a penannular band arranged

improved form to Carlovingian Europe.



KNOT-WORK PATTERN ON BROKEN CROSS-SHAFT, KELLS (From a reproduction in wood)

around the intersection. The whole panel is constructed with five endless bands, and each band will be found to go alternately over and under every band it meets with

¹ See his paper in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, 1882-3.

The High Crosses of Ireland

parity of artistic power displayed. The latter, to our eyes, even at the best, are ill drawn, without much movement or life, often almost grotesque in effect; while the former are beautiful in conception, faultless in execution, and fairly astonishing in the exuberance of invention which they disclose. Whence comes this marked dispersite 2.

parity?

In the first place, we know that the decorative designs were developed in even greater profusion, intricacy, and perfection in the illumination of Irish MSS. before the more suitable ones were transferred to stone. But when we turn to the figures portrayed in the MSS. we see little resemblance to those on the crosses. We find an even still more barbarous conception, though one executed, no doubt, with great technical skill. There is no attempt at realistic representation. The limbs are ill proportioned, but sym-metrically arranged. The face is usu-ally round, with large wide-opened eyes, and nose in profile or nostrils drawn as if seen from below. There is no power of foreshortening, no knowledge of perspective, displayed. The colours, too, are put on according to the dictates of fancy and without any regard to Nature. In short, the figures in the MSS are purely conventional, while on the crosses an attempt, however imperfect, is made to imitate Nature, and in the best examples, as in the Cross of Muiredach, the actual cloth-

considerable care and skill.

An examination of the Irish MSS, then, gives us no complete answer to the question whence this great disparity of artistic treatment arose. The following consideration may, however, indicate the direction in

ing of the artist's time is reproduced with

which a solution is to be sought.

Pre-Christian Celtic art had reached a high degree of perfection in metal-work, which was decorated almost exclusively with spiral and other geometrical patterns, and no attempt was made to imitate Nature. When, then, figure subjects were introduced, probably in early Byzantine copies of the Gospels, together with a fresh importation of decorative designs, Celtic genius quickly assimilated the latter, incorporated them with its traditionary art, and developed them still further with amazing facility; but the figure subjects were entirely novel.

In the MSS, the Celtic artist retained merely the essential elements of the Byzantine original, while using the human figure as a vehicle for carrying his geometrical patterns and fantastic colouring; but when he afterwards came to work them in stone this treatment was practically impossible, so he followed his models more closely and made his first essay at realistic art.

The disparity of skill and artistic feeling is, then, probably due to the fact that in the

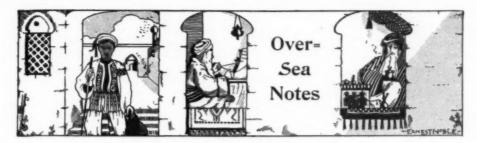


SCROLLS OF FOLIAGE. CROSS AT CROFT IN YORKSHIRE (From a reproduction in mood)

decorative panels we see the final outcome of a traditional art, long native to the soil, reaching back to Pagan times; whereas in the figure subjects we behold the first efforts

of the "'prentice hand."

It was no "'prentice hand," however, that chiselled out spiral, fret, and knot, and twisted zoomorph on the high crosses. It was a master mind that planned and a master hand that drew the same patterns on many an Irish vellum. And it was in the depth of the Dark Ages, too, that Ireland set this bright example to Europe. In the twelfth century one of her books, then perhaps 400 years old, extorted the admiration of Gerald of Wales, in most things her detractor. If you examine the drawings closely, he says, 'you will find them so delicate and exquisite, so finely drawn, and the work of interlacing so elaborate, while the colours with which they are illuminated are so blended, and still so fresh, that you will be ready to assert that all this is the work of angelic, and not human, skill." Without asserting quite so much, we may fairly say that, in its peculiar field and within its limits, the early Irish school of decorative art, in its best products, whether on parchment, metal, or stone, has been hitherto unsurpassed by man.



From Our Own Correspondents

A New Expedition in Australia

At the urgent request of scientific men in Britain another expedition is about to proceed to the interior of Australia for the purpose of making a further study of the customs of the aboriginal tribes. Every year diminishes the opportunities for making such an investigation amongst the natives in their primitive state, for civilisation is persistently pushing itself further afield, and the white man is coming more and more into contact with the last remaining aborigines.

It is well known that when this happens the savage rapidly loses any nobler attributes he may possess, and with fatal facility develops the white man's vices, the final result of contact with the new order of things being that the black man, as a rule, is "improved" off the face of the earth. Before this actually takes place, however, he gradually gives up his native customs. It is possible to find many natives in the settled parts of the country who cannot throw a boomerang, and the corroboree (the Australian native dance) is now practically unknown except in the far interior.

The gentlemen who have been selected for the work of the expedition are Professor Spencer, the Professor of Biology in the University of Melbourne, and Mr. Gillen of Adelaide, a distinguished scientist with a unique personal acquaintance with many tribes.

These gentlemen have both been engaged in similar work before, and it is felt that the duty could not have been placed in abler hands,

A slight difficulty arose through the unwillingness of the Premier of Victoria to provide the whole of the necessary funds, as he considered that a national work of this kind should be paid for by a joint contribution from Australia, but before any steps could be taken to discover the views of the other Premiers, it was announced that the funds had been provided by private enterprise.

The generous donor proved to be Mr. David

Syme, the proprietor of the Melbourne Age, one of the most influential morning papers in the Colonies.

The expedition will start early this year. Preparations are already being made, and depôts are being formed, Sir Charles Todd, the Postmaster-General of South Australia, having offered the use of the Telegraph stations on the overland line for that purpose.

The outfit of the expedition will be very complete, for a cinematograph is to be taken to depict native ceremonies, a phonograph will record corroboree songs, and a finely-equipped photographic apparatus will also be provided.

The results of this final effort to make our knowledge of the natives in their savage state more perfect will be awaited with great interest.—A. J. W.

A Memorable Presidency

WHILE Mr. McKinley personally is one of the most commonplace of American Presidents, one of the last men from whom epoch-making. departures might have been expected, his first term at Washington has been one of the most memorable in United States history. It will stand out as prominently as the presidency of Washington or of Lincoln. Part of this prominence is due to policies for which Mr. McKinley is responsible, and part of it to economic conditions long existing in the United States, which underwent new developments during Mr. McKinley's first term at the White House. In other words, Mr. McKinley's first term as President has been made memorable by the new place of the United States among the world powers, and by its new position among industrial nations.

When Mr. McKinley went to Washington in March 1897, the United States was as self-contained as it was when Washington was President, and it stood as aloof from other nations as it did in the early years of the Republic. Until Mr. McKinley's Presidency it had acted consistently on the Monroe doctrine. It had permitted no

interference by European countries in American affairs in the larger and more comprehensive meaning of the term, and it had sought neither power nor possessions beyond the continent of North America. It had been content with a navy which gave it a rank near the bottom of the list of maritime powers, and with an army of less than twenty-five thousand men, the principal duty of which had been that of an internal police. To-day the United States is in possession of large and numerous islands inhabited by ten millions of people, six or seven thousand miles distant from its Pacific coast-line, and it can no longer hold itself aloof from other nations. Its navy has been so enlarged as to bring the United States into the fifth place among the maritime nations; and its army will henceforward number at least one hundred thousand men, and will have duties to discharge the like of which never fell to the lot of American soldiers until after the short-lived but eventful and epoch-making war with Spain. All these vast changes have been wrought within a fouryears term of one of the most ordinary of American Presidents; and from Mr. McKinley's Presidency will have to be dated the beginning of the new experiences and new responsibilities upon which the American people have entered.

New York Municipal Government

NEW YORK during 1901 will be the scene of a great struggle, which from its nature must attract interest throughout the English-speaking world. For the second time within a period of ten years there is to be a movement to rescue the municipal government from the clutches of Tammany Hall. The last great movement to this end was in 1894. It was an extraordinary popular uprising, and was successful. Tammany Hall was defeated; and from 1895 to the end of 1897 New York had the best and purest municipal administration it ever enjoyed. During these three years its streets were cleaner than at any time in its history. The police force was less demoralised and corrupt than for thirty years previously; and the public schools system was honestly and efficiently administered, and freed from the contaminating influences of Tammany Hall. There were no scandals at the City Hall; and for once in the lifetime of the present generation, New York people had no need to make apologies for the corrupt character of their city government.

At the beginning of 1898 the term of the administration which had wrought all these 252

changes for the better came to an end The men who had carried the movement for reform in 1894 were hopeful that they could succeed again in 1897, and they nominated Mr. Seth Low, the President of Columbia University, for But an administration like that of 1895-98 suited the notorious boss of the Republican party of New York as little as it suited the much more notorious boss of Tammany Hall. These two bosses came to an understanding. The Republican boss nominated a candidate so as to divide the forces in opposition to Tammany, and the result was that Tammany easily carried the election, and was put in control of the government of the city from 1898 to the end of 1901. The boss of Tammany Hall at once reassumed his old position of dictator, and since 1898 he has been more absolutely dictator than at any previous period when Tammany was in control. He holds no municipal office; yet the whole municipal system of Greater New York centres about him, and his word is law in every department of City affairs. When the new administration began its term of office in 1898, this Irish-American boss determined the appointment to every important or well-paid office; and during these later years of Tammany rule his power has become so great that practically he appoints the judges to all the courts in New York City. The judges are elected by popular vote; but no lawyer can be a candidate for judge on the Democratic ticket who has not the favour and cannot command the active goodwill of the boss of Tammany Hall.

In former periods of Tammany rule the boss kept in the background. Since 1898 the present boss has continuously obtruded his personality and his aims and methods in politics on the people of New York; and recently, when before a committee of inquiry, he unblushingly declared that his purpose in politics was to work for his own pocket. In most respects New York's municipal conditions are as bad as they were prior to the uprising in 1894; but especially is this true of the police force, which is more corrupt and demoralised than at any time in its unsavoury history. All upholders of representative institutions are keenly interested in the outcome of the great struggle in New York in November 1901.-E. P.

Leprosy in Germany

It is not generally known that the northeastern corner of Germany is one of the few districts in Europe in which leprosy still lingers. Isolated cases are also to be found in Spain, Norway, and parts of European Russia, but neither in Spain, Norway, nor Russia have such persistent and scientific efforts been made to cope with this fell disease as in Germany. The latest official statistics show that twenty-two cases are known to the authorities, of which sixteen are either in the town of Memel or in the immediate vicinity of this post. From the earliest times Memel and the neighbouring Russian province of Livonia have been infested with leprosy, but although numerous medical commissions have investigated the matter, no sufficient reason has ever been given why this particular portion of the empire should be alone affected. Of the twenty-two leprosy patients in Germany ten are being treated in their own homes and twelve in the leper hospital outside Memel. German specialists are not altogether agreed as to whether or not any advantage is to be gained by medicines in the treatment of leprosy; but they are all united in advocating strict isolation and absolute cleanliness if the disease is to be kept from infecting others.-M. A. M.

Is Caste breaking down in India?

MR. LAXMIDAS R. SAPAT, Headmaster of the Alfred High School, Bhuj, in the Cutch State, and his friend Mr. Kalianji Morarji Thacker, both Bhattias, left Bombay three years ago for legal study in England. The conservative Bhattias desired that they should, in consequence, be outcasted, as was done fifteen years ago to one who then visited England; the reformers, who wish to encourage Western education, were ready to welcome them back freely, while a third party were in favour of their being received after a purifying ceremony. When, however, the two gentlemen reached the Bombay Dock, several hundred of the Bhattias, including some leading members of the caste, had assembled to greet and to garland them. After expressing their thanks-which were, no doubt, very genuine (for they had been in great doubt as to the nature of their reception)-Mr. L. R. Sapat and his friend drove off amid cheers, and the other carriages formed a large procession. The question is still one of burning interest in the caste, some urging that it was no new thing that its members should be allowed to cross the sea, as for one hundred and fifty years they have traded with Africa and Arabia; others, again, saying that such voyages involve pollution, and that on no account should they be undertaken with impunity. Another caste question is at the same time agitating the Bhattias, regarding some marriages that have

been contracted with girls who are said by some, and denied by others, to be of a non-Bhattia caste. It will be of interest to observe how far the restrictions of caste are likely to be relaxed. " The Indian Magazine."

Gold-Mining in New Guinea

For many years past parties of adventurous Australian diggers have been gold-mining in British New Guinea, meeting as a rule with great hardships and illness from malaria, but obtaining but little gold. Now, however, according to the report of Mr. Armit, the Gold Fields' Warden of New Guinea, published in an Australian newspaper, there are likely to be some wonderfully rich discoveries in the lofty mountain ranges of the great island. At Mount Scratchley-named after the first governor of the new possession-a "mountain bristling with peaks, pinnacle-like rocks, and inaccessible crags and precipices," and whose base is covered with a dense and gloomy forest, through which permeate numbers of rapid streams, some very rich finds have recently been made by the Australians. Mr. Armit reports that the labour involved is most laborious, the men working up to their waists in the cold water, using shovels only to recover the wash dirt; yet by this primitive method they obtain "from fifty to sixty ounces per man in two or three weeks," The italics are mine. If this report is correct-and Mr. Armit himself has had a life-long experience of gold-mining-the new field should certainly prove of surpassing richness, especially as Governor Le Hunte has issued a set of regulations for dredging parties. In the November number of the "Leisure Hour" an illustrated description of dredging operations in New Zealand was given. If machinery of a similar type can be carried up country to the Mount Scratchley district of New Guinea and set to work, it will undoubtedly prove the main factor in the development-agricultural as well as mineral-of one of the richest countries of the Empire. Hitherto the climate, want of transport, native troubles, etc., etc., have hindered the progress of the new territory, in addition to the Government's want of money, for only £15,000 is provided by the five Australian colonies for its administration. But with the new year of 1901 comes the operative Commonweath of Australia, and it is safe to prophesy that in another ten years British New Guinea will be worth more to the Empire and to Australia than half-a-dozen small Crown colonies like Fiji .- L. B.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.



ELEVEN TONS HAULED BY ONE HORSE OVER A STEEL-TRACK WAGON ROAD

Steel Carriage Lines on Roads

In several parts of the United States steel tracks have been laid on ordinary roads in order to test their cost, value, and utility. The tracks consist of two parallel lines of steel plates, eight inches wide, laid at a sufficient distance apart to receive the wheels of vehicles of a standard gauge. The tracks are thus like tramway lines, but are wider and have no groove in them. The steel plates have a slightly projecting upward flange on the inner edge, so as to prevent the wheels of ordinary vehicles, which have no flanges, from leaving the track. The flanges are, however, only half-an-inch above the level of the plate, hence they do not prevent the vehicles from leaving the track for the purpose of passing other vehicles whenever the driver so desires. It is easy to understand that a track of this kind diminishes very considerably the resistance to traction. The power required to move a vehicle-whether horse-drawn or automobileover a steel-track road is only a small fraction of that needed to move the same vehicle over any other kind of road. This is exemplified in the accompanying illustration, which shows a weight of eleven tons drawn over a steel-track road by a horse in light harness. The load was twenty-two times the weight of the horse, and it could be increased to fifty times the weight of the animal, and still be started and moved without any difficulty. It remains to be seen how the experimental tracks which have been laid down serve their purpose, for it is only by actual

experience that the value of such a road can be properly estimated.

New System of Electric Lighting

A DEVICE has recently been brought before public notice by means of which it is possible for electrical glow-lamps to remain luminous in any position on a specially-constructed board. Every electric lamp has two terminals, through one of which the current enters and leaves by the other. The lamp will not become luminous unless the circuit through which the current has to pass is completed. This fact is utilised in the new "Electric Lighting Boards." The boards or strips, which can be made of any size, consist of insulating material in which are imbedded parallel conductors running along the whole length, and connected with the two terminals of the board, which are in turn connected with the electric supply. Strips of a hard asbestos separate consecutive conductors, and the whole board is surfaced with cork dust. The board may thus be considered to be interlaced with electrical nerves, but the current cannot directly pass from one to the other. The lamps for use with these boards are constructed in such a manner that when they are fixed on any part of the board they make contact with two conductors of opposite kinds, therefore the current passes through them, and they become luminous. Each lamp has as terminals two pins about an inch long, which penetrate the cork layer and support the lamp, and at the same time make

connection with two conductors traversing the board. Any number of lamps can be placed on a board and arranged in any way, but in whatever position they are fixed they light up. The applications of this system for decorative and advertising purposes are many and obvious.

Remarkable Rookeries of Wild Birds

On Laysan, one of the north-western Hawaiian, Islands, the albatross appears in

swarms during the breeding season, the birds occurring in such abundance that it is difficult to step without treading on one of them. An idea of the extent of this "rookery" may be obtained from the accompanying picture, which shows the birds crowded on the land as far as the eye can reach. Immense quantities of albatross' eggs are gathered, and are carried away, not only by the wheelbarrow-load, but by the cart-load. Though some protection has been afforded to the birds, it is evident that they cannot long survive the wholesale removal of eggs represented in the picture. A still more striking example of wholesale egg-collecting is afforded by the Farallone



Photograph by J. J. Williams, Honolulu

COLLECTING ALBATROSS' EGGS ON LAYSAN ISLAND, HAWAII

rocks, a favourite breeding-place for myriads of sea-birds, on the coast of California. For nearly fifty years the eggs of Californian guillemots were collected every day during the breeding season, when the birds visit the rocks, and sent to San Francisco, but this has fortunately now been stopped. When the season opened, men went over the ground and broke all the eggs they found, so as to avoid taking any but fresh eggs afterwards. The next day, and every second day after, the ground was gone over again and all the eggs were picked up. As the bird, like other guillemots, only lays one egg, this system must have led to its extermination

if an end had not been put to the business, in deference to public opinion.

Illuminating Gas from Air

In the petroleum-bearing districts, as at Baku and elsewhere, a combustible gas is produced naturally, and is used in the districts for illuminating and other purposes. Several systems have been devised for producing this gas artificially by passing air over petroleum or a similar spirit,



Photograph by J. J. Williams, Honolulu

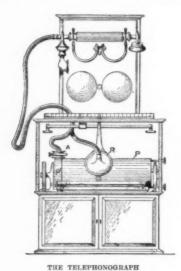
ALBATROSS (DIOMEDEA IMMUTABILIS) ON LAYSAN ISLAND, HAWAII

Science and Discovery

and Dr. J. A. Purves has recently described some simple forms of apparatus by means of which this is accomplished. The simplest and most efficient apparatus depends upon the fact that air containing the vapour of petroleum or other hydrocarbons is heavier than ordinary atmospheric air. It consists essentially of a tall metal vessel, having an opening at the top and another near the bottom. The apparatus is filled inside with wood pulp saturated with petroleum. Air enters at the top of the vessel and takes up a certain proportion of the vapour of the spirit. The air thus becomes heavier and gravitates through the remainder of the absorbent material, taking up more and more of the vapour, until it finally issues from the lower orifice in the form of a gas capable of lighting, heating, and all other uses to which ordinary gas can be put. As the wood pulp or other absorbent used is practically solid, there is no danger either from the presence of loose petroleum or of explosion, The light is of high illuminating power and of remarkable purity, so it has a wide sphere of

A Recording and Speaking Telephone

An ingenious combination of the telephone and phonograph has been invented by Mr. J. E. O. Kumberg, and is likely to be soon available for use by the public. It consists of a modified



A. Automatic Speaker. R. Receiver.
P. Recording Cylinder.

phonograph so arranged that when a telephone message is received, the vibrations of the diaphragm are transmitted to a stylus in contact with a revolving cylinder. The message is thus engraved upon the cylinder in precisely the same way that a speech can be recorded in an

ordinary phonograph. When a person having an instrument of this kind is called up, he may take the message in the usual way, or he may let it be recorded automatically upon the revolving cylinder marked P in the accompanying picture from the "Electrician." The cylinder is large enough to record about fifteen thousand words, which would represent about a page of an ordinary newspaper, without needing to be renewed. If the person happens to be out or engaged when he is called up, the call is answered automatically by means of the automatic speaker marked A in the diagram, and the person at the other end of the line receives a message saying, "Mr. — is out, but this instrument is fitted with a telephonograph which will automatically take down any message you - will read it on his may send, and Mr. return." This mechanical message is engraved upon a narrow phonographic cylinder marked P', which revolves under the automatic speaker A. The other details of the sketch are the same as in ordinary telephone instruments. The instrument has been well tested, and has worked satisfactorily, so there is no reason why it should not be widely adopted by users of telephones.

Recent Earthquakes observed in the British Isles

THE crust of the earth is constantly being shaken by volcanic disturbances and fractures of rock masses, and the earthquakes thus produced are felt over an area large or small according to their violence. The instruments used to record these tremors are now so sensitive that they respond to disturbances which occur thousands of miles from them, and scarcely an hour passes but some earth tremor leaves its mark upon the records. So it comes about that though the British Isles are fortunately far removed from places where large earthquakes usually occur, the ripples of the earth-waves reach us, and are recorded upon the instruments specially constructed to detect them. instance, Professor Milne reports that one hundred and thirty earthquakes were recorded at his observatory in the Isle of Wight during last year, and most of them were also detected at Kew. From the character of the records it is possible for an observer in any part of the world to name the district in which the disturbance originated; and applying this fact to the records of 1899, Prof. Milne finds that all but five of the one hundred and thirty earthquakes came from centres beneath the ocean, and in most cases from very deep water. As there are reasons for believing that each of these earthquakes was accompanied by very large displacements of the ocean bed, the determination of the sites where such changes are frequent is important in connection with the selection of routes for deep-sea cables. Another point of interest is that changes in the rates of delicate pendulum clocks have been shown to be produced by unfelt movements of distant earthquakes which so frequently disturb all countries of the world.

Accepted Opinions and Results

Some experiments in wireless telegraphy recently described by MM. Guarini and Poncelet before the Paris Academy of Sciences show that the human body acts perfectly as a screen for electric waves.

Modern methods of observation enable astronomers to determine latitudes correct to a hundredth of a second of arc, which is equivalent to a length of one foot on the earth's surface measured at sea level.

The absence of snakes from Ireland is a fact of common knowledge, but it is not so well known that the island has no voles, no polecat, no weasel, no roe-deer, no mole, and but one of the three shrews found in England.

Dr. H. R. Mill, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, has recently pointed out, that if the annual output of the gold-fields of the world, as officially declared, is divided by the official number of miners engaged upon these fields, the output per man often does not exceed £1 per week, and very rarely exceeds £2.

At Bradford the city refuse is burnt in destructors, and the clinker produced in the furnaces is made into concrete paving blocks, bricks, and encaustic tiles. The power to work the machinery required for these purposes, and the lighting of the works, is obtained from the steam generated by the surplus heat of the destructors.

China has some remarkably rich coal-fields. It is estimated that there are more than thirty-three thousand square miles of coal-fields in the province of Shansi, and that the present output of Great Britain, which is more than two hundred million tons a year, could be maintained from the anthracite coal-fields of Eastern Shansi alone for a period of three thousand years.

The best steam-engines can only use as mechanical work about one-twelfth of the energy produced by the burning of the fuel; the remaining eleven-twelfths are lost by friction and radiation of heat. The human body is superior to an engine as a working machine, for one-fifth of the energy in the food supplied can be returned in mechanical work, the remainder being used to maintain life.

The energy of the vibrating air acting upon the drum of the ear in the case of the faintest audible sound is about the same as that falling upon the retina of the eye from the faintest visible star. The energy of the loudest sound which can be distinguished (at the point when the ear cannot decide which of two tones is the louder) is about as much as that involved in the growth of a single ordinary blade of grass in June.

That fear will promote disease has been abundantly proved during outbreaks of cholera, small-pox, the plague, and other epidemics. There are many people of both sexes, who never hear of a disease without fancying they have it. The illness of a royal or distinguished sufferer, the progress of which is recorded day by day in the newspapers, always leads to an increase in the number of persons treated for the same complaint.

If a spirit lamp is covered with a cylinder of iron so that no light is seen, and the heated iron is placed in a dark room near a statuette or other suitable object which has been covered with sulphide of lime, after a couple of minutes the statuette becomes luminous, and appears to emerge from the darkness. The effect is due to phosphorescence produced by the heat of the iron. The statuette should be kept in darkness a few days before the experiment, so as not to be phosphorescent from daylight.

The highest kite ascent yet recorded was made at the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory on July 19, 1900, when a perpendicular height of three miles and sixty feet above the sea was reached. Six box kites of the kind which have been popular at English seaside places this year were connected in tandem fashion, and nearly five miles of steel pianowire were used as a flying-line. The instruments attached to the kites recorded freezing temperature, and a wind velocity of twenty-six miles an hour.

Many examples of the sacrifice of the individual for the good of the community are given from natural history by Prof. W. K. Brooks in a volume lately published. His conclusion is, "In all cases, the structure, habits, instincts, and faculties of living things, from the upward growth of the plumule of the sprouting seed to the moral sense of man, are primarily for the good of other beings than the ones which manifest them."

Professor C. E. Bessey has counted the rings in the stump of one of the renowned big trees of California, and found them to number one thousand one hundred and forty-seven. The tree was twenty-four feet in diameter, and more than three hundred feet high, and judging by the rings, it acquired these dimensions in one thousand one hundred and forty-seven years. None of the existing trees are believed to be more than two thousand years old.



Dr. Sambon and Malaria

Dr. Sambon, whose share in the mosquito experiments in the Campagna seems likely to have such beneficent results in overcoming malaria, is no novice in self-sacrificing service. No chapter in Defoe has more vivid and tragic interest than that in which Dr. Sambon described, in the "Leisure Hour," May and June, 1899, the ravages of cholera in Naples. The value of his work at that time was publicly recognised by the King of Italy, who himself was in the thick of the trouble.

Work and Wages

"My father and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously styles 'a mutually beneficent partnership' with certain labourers in Spain. These labourers produced from the earth, annually, a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabouts, to the labourers. In which state of mutual beneficence my father and his partners naturally became rich, and the labourers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father gave all his money to me."—Ruskin: "Arrows of the Chase."

"Ralph Connor"

RALPH CONNOR, whose books "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot" have placed him in the very front rank of Canadian idealists, is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of St. Stephen's in Winnipeg. In addition to the books above mentioned, Mr. Gordon has written a beautiful little idyll called "Beyond the Marshes." father of the writer, the Rev. Daniel Gordon, was a Scottish Highlander, who came to Canada in the early Forties, settling for a time in the remote district peopled by immigrants from the North of Scotland. Later he removed to the Highland settlement of Glengarry in the Indian Lands, where he remained twenty years, and where Ralph Connor was born. It is said that the father was a man of great force and originality, "with a double portion of that white-heated passion we call Highland fire, and an elequent preacher. He played the bagpipes as only a musical Scot can, and those who have heard him wail out Lochaber No More! and the weird pibrochs can never forget them." He was a teller of thrilling tales, and the tales that are told of him would fill a large volume.-" The Critic.

Hooliganism

THE Howard Association has lately received a visit from one of its Australian correspondents —Mr. Charles D. Barber, Superintendent of the Gordon Boys' Home at Melbourne—who gives some interesting information on the prevention of juvenile delinquency in the Colony of Victoria.

He says that the once great nuisance of "Larrikinism" (or Hooliganism) in Melbourne has largely disappeared there (though not in Sydney) in consequence partly of the efforts of private individuals and partly of Government action. Placing the lads separately on farms has been found especially efficacious.

Whereas, formerly, in the State Reformatory, the lads, who greatly corrupted each other there, cost thirty shillings a week, they now only cost ten shillings a week, for a time, on the farms, and soon are able to be self-supporting and earn wages for themselves. Farm-life generally suits them well, and most of them remain in the country. At the Gordon Home, in Melbourne, many of these youths receive a brief preliminary training, not exceeding about a month, before going into the country.

In Victoria the Government has appointed a certain number of men and women as caretakers of the wards of the State, and with certain powers over them.

When any one of these responsible persons brings a child before a Court, priority of attention is at once given to such cases, and they are dealt with before, and apart from, the adult offenders waiting for trial.

Pauper children in Victoria are mostly boarded-out in the country, five shillings a week being paid with them. A regular and careful system of visitation and supervision is maintained over each class of State wards distributed amongst the farms and homes of Victoria.

Mr. Barber strongly condemns the "Barrack System" of massing youth together in large numbers. He says that there cannot, in general, be love where more than twelve young persons are dwelt with. Beyond that number, discipline can avail, but, he thinks, hardly love, which is the greatest power of all.

Vaccination in the East

It is no exaggeration to say that the missionaries are solely responsible for preventing the spread of small-pox all over China, Japan, and Siam. They alone were successful in introducing vaccination and in convincing the

people that it was both harmless and valuable. In Siam particularly they accomplished wonderful results in this way. The King more than once referred to the fact that the missionaries were responsible for the elimination of small-pox as a plague in his land. The disease of course prevails there all the time to a considerable extent, but not to any such degree as formerly. One eminent American missionary, whose name will never be forgotten in that part of the world, Dr. Bradley, is accredited with having vaccinated fifty thousand Siamese in the course of his many years' residence in that country, making in that way an effectual barrier throughout the kingdom to the propagation of the disease. Another prominent American medical missionary, who came later and went into Northern Siam, Dr. M. A. Cheek, accomplished so much good in a general way that he was loved and respected by princes and paupers throughout an extent of country as large as New England. He treated as many as eighteen thousand people in one year. They came to him in crowds from all over the country, and he never turned any of them away, whether they could pay or not for his services. His simplest surgical operations were new to them, and made thousands of men and women whole and happy who would otherwise have been cripples all their lives.— John Barrett, late United States Minister to Siam.

The Han-Lin

In times of peace the destruction of the Han-Lin in Pekin would have attracted the attention of Europe. In the hurricane of devastation that has fallen upon China, it has appeared but as a trivial incident. The Rev. Dr. Arthur Smith, of the American mission, has more

recently described it.

"Adjoining the Carriage Park on the east, and the British Legation on the north, stood the series of extensive courtyards and halls which contained the Han-Lin, or Imperial Chinese University of highest grade, one of the most ancient and most famous seats of learning in the world. During the early days of the siege the happy idea occurred to the Chinese that, with the wind in the north, to set fire to the Han-Lin would be to roast the British Legation and every one in it. As a result of herculean efforts the fires were put out, but nearly all the halls were destroyed. The principal literary monument of the most ancient people in the world was obliterated in an afternoon, and the wooden stereotype plates of the most valuable works became a prey to the flames, or were used in building barricades, or as kindling by the British marines. Priceless literary treasures were tumbled into the lotus-ponds, wet with the floods of water used to extinguish the fires, and later buried after they had begun to rot, to diminish the disagreeable odour. Expensive camphor-wood cases containing the rare and unique Encyclopædia of Yung-Lê (a lexicographical work

resembling the Century Dictionary, but probably many hundred times as extensive) were filled with earth to form a part of the ramparts for defence, while the innumerable volumes comprising this great thesaurus were dispersed in every direction, probably to every library in Europe, as well as to innumerable private collections, not a few of the volumes being thrown into the common heap to mould and to be buried like the rest. Thousands of Han-Lin essays lay about the premises, the sport of every breeze, serving as firewood for the troops. Odd volumes of choice works furnished the waste-paper of the entire Legation for nearly two months, and were found in the kitchens, used by the coolies as pads for carrying bricks on their shoulders, and lay in piles in the outer streets and were ground into tatters under the wheels of passing carts when traffic was once more resumed. Out of twenty or twenty-five halls, but two remain."

Astronomical Notes for January

THE beginning of this year is also the beginning of the twentieth century, our system of chronology being based on the traditional date of the birth of Christ on December 25, B.C. 1, which was almost the end of that year, and the first century commencing on January 1, A.D. 1, that century ended on December 31, A.D. 100, the second began on January 1, A.D. 101, the tenth on that day in 901, and the twentieth commences on New Year's Day 1901.

On the 1st day of this month the Sun rises at 8h. 8m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 59m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 8h. 5m. and sets at 4h. 11m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 56m. and sets at 4h. 27m. He will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, on the evening of the 2nd. The Moon will be Full at 14 minutes past midnight on the 4th; enter her Last Quarter at 8h. 38m. on the evening of the 12th; become New at 2h. 36m. on the afternoon of the 20th; and be at First Quarter at 9h. 52m. on the morning of the 27th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and in perigee, or nearest us, half-an-hour before noon on the 24th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will not be visible, being at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 22nd. Venus rises before the Sun, but later each morning, and is diminishing in brightness; during the month she moves in an easterly direction through the constellation Sagittarius. Mars is stationary about the middle of the month in the constellation Leo; he is increasing in brightness, and rises now about 11 o'clock at night. Jupiter is a morning star: near Venus in the middle of the month, and near the Moon (horned and waning) on the 18th. Saturn will become visible towards the end of the month, situated in the constellation Sagittarius, a little to the east of Jupiter .-W. T. LYNN.

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

Counsel and Confidences

Talk, Talk, Talk

Most people know the story of Æsop's marketing. This wise and witty slave—like many another who performs the duties without bearing the name—had to learn his special lesson and prepare it for the world's acceptance amid the routine of hum-drum occupations, a fact that has not prevented his name and message

surviving five-and-twenty centuries.

Æsop was sent to lay in household stores, because his master was giving a feast, and his orders were to get the best things in the market. He brought home nothing but tongues, he loaded the table with tongues—tongues of nightingales, tongues of peacocks, tongues of becaficos, perhaps, among the rest. His master, being not unnaturally enraged at an explanation which advanced the moral excellence of the tongue as a merit, when it was required as something to eat, said, "Then next time let us have the worst things in the market." Again Æsop served up only tongues, because these, he said, were the source of most evil, they wounded, they misrepresented, they maligned, they slew reputations, which was worse than taking life. Possibly the philosopher was punished for his perseverance in perversity, but a story remains that the race will not let die.

One is glad to remember that the old Greek thought tongues sometimes the best things in the world, because it is easier for us to recall the idle or harmful words they have uttered than to remember when they inspired us upwards.

But there are various excuses to be made for unamiable speech; first, that we are infinitely more amusing when our talk is ill-natured than when it is kindly, that a single sarcasm may make a hole like a bullet when good-nature is as dull as a shower of wool. The desire to be witty, to be listened to, to be accounted smart, is strong, particularly in the young. They want to be noticed, to differentiate themselves from their neighbours, and a caustic tongue gives a certain pre-eminence. Unwise seniors, who would think sharp wit particularly objectionable in their own generation, sometimes find it amusing in the children, and if they rebuke it, do so with a tolerant smile. But the children grow to maturity-and the habit of sarcasm remains when the wonder of it has ceased to please. What is considered humour in our teens, may look like malice and uncharitableness when the "ties" are numerous. The very same phraseology that secures a reputation for wit at twenty may entitle its possessor to be regarded as a spiteful cat at fifty.

But as a rule the race groans more under talk that is vapid than under talk that is satirical. Where a few friends are gathered together there

may be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but in a great assembly the cates are usually sawdust and dry bones. It is not the dullards only that restrict themselves to ineptitudes. I have sat at the festal board between a man reputed very witty and another reputed very wise. The papers afterwards spoke of the gathering as brilliant, and of course it would not have been to the advantage of any one present to say how lugubrious it was. Self-consciousness spoils intercourse, and large social functions are killing good talk. When one returns from a so-called intellectual party, one cannot help wondering if the salons of former days really heard all the reputed brilliant discourse, or if the name of it was a subsequent creation. Even Dickens, outside the circle of his intimates, was as mum as a stockfish, while the dreariness of certain literary and social clubs known to me drives me to seek with zeal the gay distraction of my attic 'neath the eaves. As to the average afternoon call, is it to any one aught but a painful duty? One's real intimates drop in when the "at home" is off; but about that also there is a difficulty lest the visitor might be arrogating to herself a cordial entente not recognised on the other side. In a mixed company people are afraid to talk wisely, lest they should seem priggish or ponderous. As to the martial or other sensation of the hour, it has become a weariness; no self-respecting person would condescend to speak of it. The majority take refuge in stock topics, the Royal Family, the weather, the health of their relations, while the more gifted originate a few flippant observations, repeat a few, and take their leave.

But the arsenal richest in the arrows which the tongue launches lies in the right we assume to discuss those who belong to us, whether as relatives, employées, or employers. Now, talk of anything personal to ourselves, except with those on whose keen and sympathetic interest we can confidently reckon, is always an evidence of weakness. Sometimes the weaknessis physical—a mere momentary yielding under a prolonged and heavy strain—in which case the intelligent sees the load thrown off and kicked without loss of respect for the victim. But the habit of complaint, even where we suffer, is fatal. Here is a wise little verse—I will not insult my readers by translating it—which each of us might learn with advantage:

"Le bruit est pour le fat, La plainte est pour le sot. L'honnête homme trompé 'S'en va et ne dit mot."

If we have troubles they are our own to deal with; it is as much a matter of self-respect not

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

to parade them as to keep the list of our debts

Some people, by no means bad people in the main, can never speak of their relatives by marriage, let us say, or of their cousins, or more remote kindred, without flying the flag of derision. They would do a good deal for Tom or Jane in an emergency, but the emergency does not arise, while opportunity to wield the two-edged sword is very fre-quent. Subsequently they complain that Tom or Jane has become estranged, and declare that some people cease to love their kindred when they marry. If the censorious could only remember that relatives are sections of the family body corporate, no more to be wounded voluntarily or paraded than sections of one's person, peace, health, and fitness for many things would result.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. M.—An exceedingly useful practical housekeeper's book is "A Year's Cookery," by Phyllis Browne, published by Cassell. It gives plain inexpensive menus for every day in the year, and tells how to cook them. The price is 1s. VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed— "Verity,

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

AN EPISODE OF THE BOER WAR

inn with the sign "Orange Grove." Early in the evening, soon after Lord Roberts reached his quarters, one of the officers of his Staff approached him in order to discuss a matter of importance; he found the Field - Marshal with one of the little children of the innkeeper on his knee, trying to teach the mite to trace the letters of the alphabet. When the officer entered the room Lord Roberts looked up with a smile, and said, "Don't come now: can't you see I'm

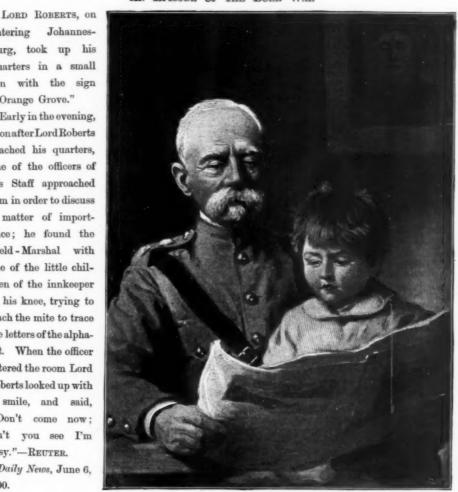
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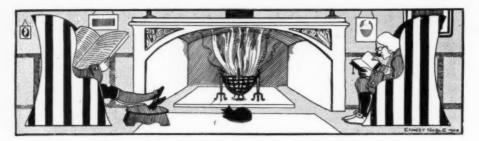
burg, took up his quarters in a small

Daily News, June 6, 1900.

busy."-REUTER.



From the Painting by W. A. Menzica



The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

PRIZE QUOTATIONS

The Pleasure of Giving

1. "The pleasure of giving is a necessary element in true happiness; but the poorest can have it."

2. "It is not what we receive but what we give that chiefly contents and profits us."—Cartylic.

3. "There is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving."—Drummond.

4. "It is more delightful and more honourable to give than to receive."—Epicurus.

 "Not what we give but what we share— For the gift without the giver is bare," Lowell.

"In giving, a man receives more than he gives."—George Macdonald.

7. "Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree."

8. "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him is given for mankind."—Phillips Brooks.

9. "The pleasure of benevolence is threefold—in prospect, in act, in retrospect."

Meng Hsü, trans. by A. Moore.

FIVE SHILLINGS awarded each month for the happiest quotation. The next subject is "March Weather." Quotations to be sent in, on postcards only, not later than 15th January.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN COMPETITORS.—Prize of the same value. Competitors residing outside Europe may send quotations so as to reach this office not later than 15th April.

The prize this month is awarded to J. D. Gilchrist, 24, St. Andrew Street, Kilmarnock, N.B.

Bout Rimes

This is a competition for our poetical readers, who are invited to write quatrains celebrating the beginning of the new year and new century. Four lines only—in any metre—and each end word of a line must rhyme either with fast, rope. dear, eye, sing or bright. This wide choice should ensure a variety of ideas. Competitors may make all their lines rhyme with a single one of these examples, or they may, in blank verse, have as many as four different endings. Two prizes of Half-a-crown each

are offered. Verses must be sent in not later than 15th January.

SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

Two Guineas offered in prizes to successful solvers of this series (appearing monthly, November till March). Prizes of the same value for Colonial Competitors. The following acrostic must be answered by the 15th day of this month, and in the case of competitors who are only now entering, answers to the First and Second Acrostics may be sent with the Third. After this month it will be too late to receive arrears.

Third of Five

- 1. "Cæsar's . . . Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch The sides o' the world."
- "Death lies on her like an . . . frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."
- 3. "If you seek us afterwards in other . . . you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours."
- 4. "One . . . shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself."
 - 5. "The . . . that goes to bed with the sun, And with him rises weeping."
 - 6. "With every minute you do change a mind; And call him . . . that was now your hate."

DESCRIPTION OF WHOLE

"The year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter."

Find the six missing words, and give act and scene of each quotation.

Note.—Every "Acrostic" answer must be accompanied by the "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod Ticket: see Contents page of advertisements. All answers must have "Fireside Club" written outside envelope, must contain competitor's name and address, and must be received by the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, by the 15th of the month.

Colonial answers received up to March 15.

No papers for any other competition to be included in envelope for "Fireside Club."



Our Chess Page

Competitions. Thirteen Guineas in Prizes

The Problem Competition announced in November is still open.

Twelve Guineas are offered in prizes under conditions which will be found on page 87 of the current volume.

The last day for receiving problems from Home competitors is January 7, 1901.

Brilliant Games Competition, announced last month, on page 174, does not close until February 9.

A remarkable game played recently in the Brighton Chess Room between R. E. Lean and an Amateur:—

WHITE.	BLACK
R. E. Lean	Mr. —
1. Kt—Q B 3	
2. P—K 4	PK 4
3. Kt—B 3	Kt-B3
4. B—B 4	P-K R 3
5. Castles	B—Kt 5
6. Kt—Q 5	Kt × P
7. R—K sq 8. Kt × P	Kt-Q3
	Kt × Kt
9. R × Kt ch 10. B—Kt 3	K—B sq P—K B 3
11. Kt—B 4	P—K B a P—Kt 4
12. Kt—Kt 6 ch	K-Kt 2
13. R—K 7 ch	K × Kt
14. R—B 7!	Kt × R
15. Q—R 5 ch!	K×Q
16. B × Kt ch	K-Kt 5
17. B—Kt 6	B-B4
18. P-Q 4	$B \times P$
19. P—R 3 ch	K-R 5
20. P—Kt 3 ch	$K \times P$
21. B—B 5 ch	P-Kt 5
22. B—K 3	¹ B × B
23. B-K 4	B x P ch
24. K × B and Mat	

 1 If P—Q 4 be played instead of B \times B, white replies with 23 B—Q 3 and mates next move.

SOLVING COMPETITION

Solutions Highly Commended. In order of merit:

CHARLES JOHNSTON; Rev. R. H. KILLIP; J. EATON; W. FINLAYSON; G. H. CLUTSAM; THOMAS DUNNETT; W. DAMANT; W. H. HATT; W. S. BRANCH; CHARLES H. BROUGHTON; G. C. MORRIS; H. R. MATHEW; Miss A. J. VARCOE; STEPHEN WATSON.

The names of prize-winners were given last month.

An unpublished problem

BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK-5 MEN



white-10 men

White to play, and mate in two moves

The "amended" problem Lula, by Z. Mach, published in the November part, is worse than ever, as it can be solved by $B \times R$ ch, followed by $Q \times P$ mate.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket on the Contents page of advertisements.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

COMPETITION 7. RESULT

Best original piece for recitation.

Prize of One Guinea:

MISS EVELINE S. JACKSON, Avonbank, Tewkesbury.

Very Highly Commended:

Miss Margaret M. Lewis, Hove; Miss Crosse, Cheadle Heath; Miss Mary L. Dawson, Seagoe Rectory, Portadown.

Highly Commended:

MISS FRANCES WALKER; M. L. GILLESPIE.

Commended:

MISS EDITH E. DUNNETT; R. T. MITFORD.

COMPETITION 8. RESULT

Best post-card suggestions (by mothers only) on "How to keep a Child's Birthday."

We have been disappointed at the small number of post-cards sent in. The mothers, doubtless, are too busy attending to their bairns. We note with pleasure the suggestion made by the first prize winner: "Teach unselfishness by sharing cake and eatables with poorer children, children in hospital or home for waifs and strays."

Prize of Five Shillings:

Mrs. Lawson, 19 Coniston Avenue, Jesmond, W., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Prize of Half-a-Crown:

Mrs. Tucker, 2 Yew Bank Terrace, Ilkley, Yorkshire.



Drawn for the " Leisure Hour" by M. E. Edwards